

Illustrated Christmas Edition

32 PAGES

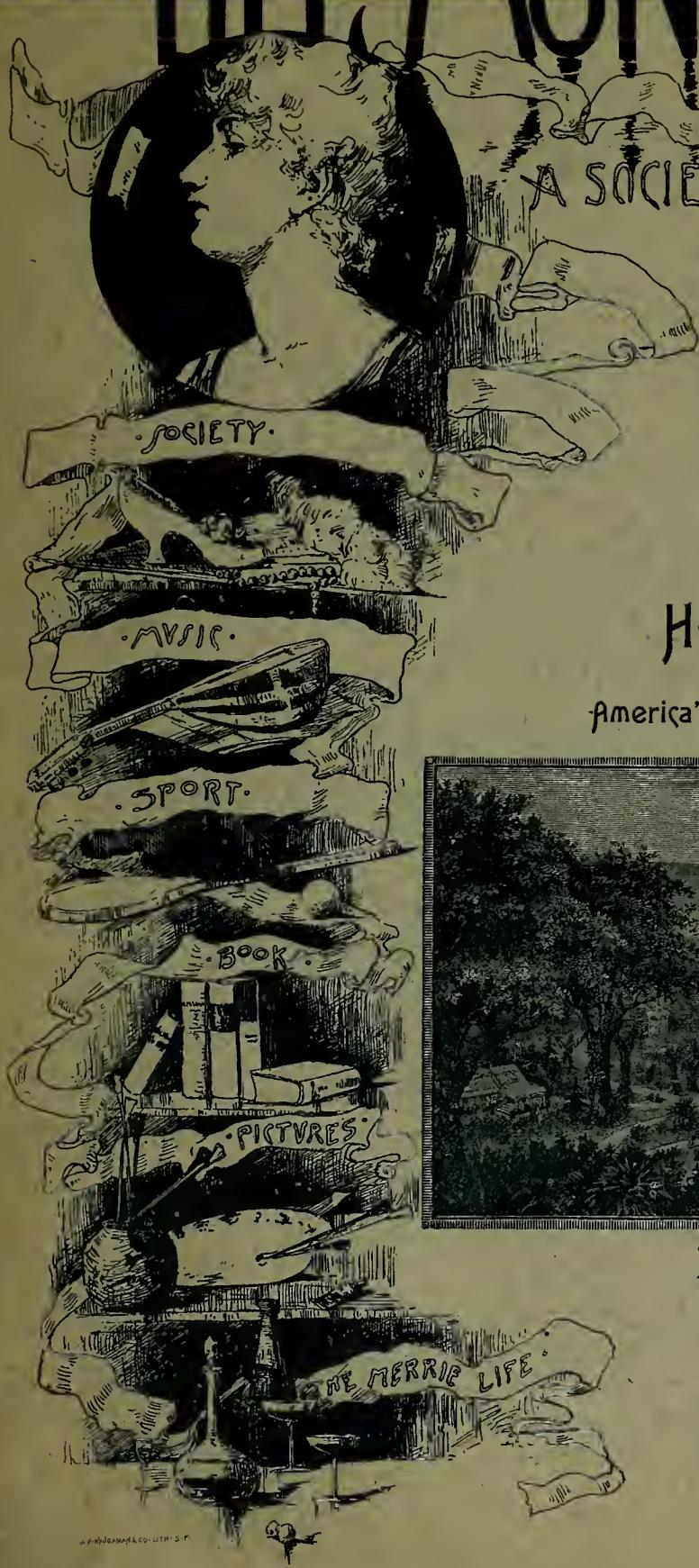
DEL MONTE WAVE

January

20 Cents.

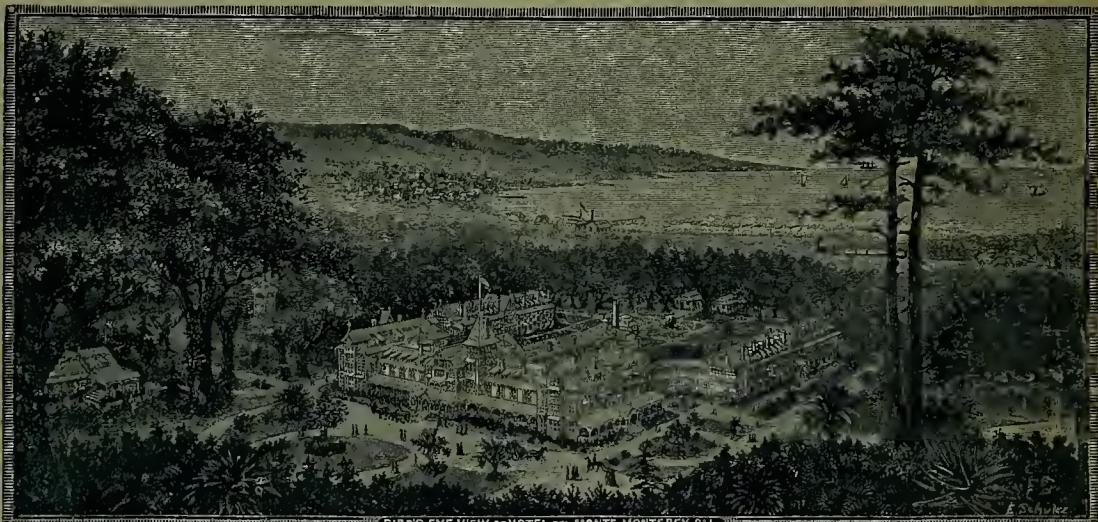
A SOCIETY AND LITERARY JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO · CALIFORNIA



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America's Famous Summer and Winter Resort



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE MONTEREY, CAL.

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
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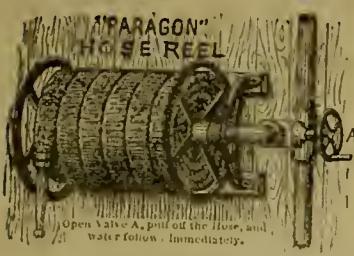


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For Mills, Factories, Hotels and Public Buildings, and General
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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A Most Picturesque Route to and from California, via Portland, Oregon.

Many Notable Views can be Seen on this Line, among them being The Great Sacramento Valley, Upper Sacramento and Pitt Rivers, Castle Peaks, Mossbrae Falls, Mount Shasta, the Siskiyou Mountains, Rogue River, Willamette River, Valley and Falls, Mount Hood, Mount Ranier, Etc., Etc., and the **UNRIVALED COLUMBIA RIVER**, making this Trip one of the Finest in the Country.

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QUICK TIME, SOLID COMFORT,
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Agents for Peruvian Bitters and
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Farmers' and Merchants' Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) \$500,000
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Total, - - - \$1,300,000

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SWORN STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF
THE FARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK
OF LOS ANGELES

At the close of business June 29, 1889.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand \$ 762,530 71
Cash on call with banks and
bunkers 1,415,668 34

Total Available Cash \$2,178,199 05
United States 4 per cent, and other Govern-
ment Bonds 65,715 15
Stocks and Warrants 38,548 60
Loans and Discounts 1,891,893 51
Real Estate, Vaults, Safes & Office Furnit'le 11,790 45

LIABILITIES. \$4,186,146 76

Capital (paid up) \$500,000 00
Surplus 500,000 00
Undivided Profits 300,152 58
Due Depositors 2,884,314 18
Dividends (declared and uncalled for) 1,680 00

\$4,186,146 76

MONTEREY PHARMACY, MONTEREY, CAL.

The Drug Store patronized by Del Monte guests, and the leading Drug and Stationery Store of Monterey County.

Pure Drugs,

Chemicals and Patent Medicines

Druggists' Sundries, Toilet Articles, Homeopathic Medicines, Views of Del Monte and vicinity. A full and complete line of Stationery and Sea-side Library.

We are here and here to stay, and we do not propose to let you forget it.

When you are in want of anything in any of our various lines, you will find us prepared to supply the very best of its kind promptly, courteously, and at the lowest price consistent with the quality of the article.

The skillful and accurate dispensing of medicines shall always be our chief work. For this we are educated, have made it a long study, and can assure the careful attention which this responsible work requires. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes a specialty.

To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well-appointed drug and stationery store, merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of THE DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are, Very Truly Yours,

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PRINTING,
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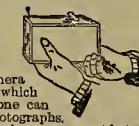
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Camera with which any one can take Photographs

You can learn your part in ten minutes, which consists merely in pointing the camera and pressing the button. The part which the Camera loaded for one hundred pictures, is 26 ounces, enclosed in a leather carrying case, with shoulder strap. No larger than an ordinary field glass. Cost of reloading for each one hundred pictures, \$2.00, material for which can be obtained in any portion of the world. Will photograph anything, still or in motion, indoors or out, no adjustment, no tripod. Indispensable to tourists for obtaining picturesque notes of their travels. Call and see sample photographs, or send for Kodak "Primer."

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Branch-19 MONTGOMERY ST.—Under the Lick House—S. F.

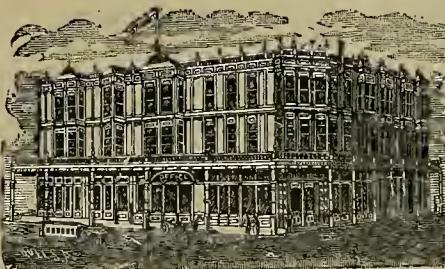
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PROPRIETOR.



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American Plan.

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Per Day.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Large Sample Rooms on the Ground Floor.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.

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THE ONLY Hotel on the Beach, directly overlooking Ocean and Mountains.

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THE DEL MONTE WAVE

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San Francisco, California, January, 1890.

20 Cents.

The Del Monte Wave

A LITERARY AND SOCIETY JOURNAL.

Issued Monthly from Office of Publication at SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Annual Subscription, In Advance, \$1.

Single Copy, 20 Cents.

Advertising Rates made known on Application.

Business Office, 419 California Street.

Room 11.

To which address all communications should be directed.

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Business Manager: F. T. HOYT.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1890.

A NOTABLE ISSUE.

It is not necessary to call attention to this notable number of THE WAVE, presented as the Christmas edition. The journal speaks for itself. There is so much of varied interest in its many pages, that all classes of readers cannot fail to find something entertaining there. The proprietors, while firmly believing that works are better than words, and that THE WAVE is its own best advocate, yet cannot refrain from mentioning some of the features of this issue.

The photographs presented are without doubt the finest works of art that have ever appeared in a paper or magazine on the coast. They are reproduced accurately, and are in some instances better than the original pictures, inasmuch as much of the hardness and sharpness of outline have been removed.

The list of the year's society events will be valuable as a reference; it is also interesting as showing what well-known people gave valuable entertainments last season, and have kept closed house this year.

"A Modern Sappho," will furnish food for thought, and many of those who were in society here some years ago, will ponder over the names of the many whose light has been extinguished by death or misfortune. The poem is strong and natural, and possesses an interest outside of that of its authorship and the fate of the gifted writer.

The Letter of a Nohleman on Local Heiresses, will be found of interest and value. Few believed that a man would deliberately work to secure a list of eligible girls and their fortunes; but it is well-known to some that this is not the only letter of the kind in

existence. "My Lord," is to be congratulated on the care he took in its preparation.

The stories that are published in this issue, are of a high order of merit, and will compare favorably with those of any writers in this country and France.

In the Social and Personal Departments are matters of interest to many readers. The news is treated in an original and entertaining manner, and without fear or prejudice.

The other artotypes speak for themselves. One presents some of the most prominent features of California scenery, while the other shows a few of the beautiful views around Del Monte. Both are admirably executed. Something about each of the places illustrated is told in the story entitled, "Some California Scenes."

In every respect, THE WAVE will be found as the press of San Francisco has called it, "the best society paper east of New York." It is published with the knowledge that it has no peers in the field, and that rivals have fallen so far behind that they are no longer in the race.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A BRITISH inventor is at work on a machine into the slot of which the American heiress may drop her fortune and pull out a titled manikin.

MAY YOHE is preparing for another successful season on the stage. She left her company and joined "Tom" Williams, the sporty boy, creating just enough talk to gain her needed advertising in her next role.

WERE it not for his more caustic wit, the greater force of his vituperation, his more elegant diction, and the general superiority of his writing over that of the Half Unknown, I should say that Amhrose Bierce wrote the Junius letters.

THE rustling, silken folds of the Confederate flag embraced the coffin of Jefferson Davis. Think not hard of this, soldiers of the North. On that same coffin rested the sheathed sword of Davis that blazed a triumphal way at Chapultepec and Monterey.

EVERY big town in the country is raising money for a prize fight between Sullivan and Jackson. I would like to match the champion against "Eclipse" wine for a purse of \$13. By the way, that's an unlucky number. Well, I don't think he could win, anyway.

THE lady of whom it was written "Mary had a little lamb," has died again. This time she was Mrs. Mary F. Tyler, whose death at

Somerville, Mass., aged 83 years, leaves only three aspirants for the honor of having possessed the frolicsome lambkin, to wit: Col. S. M. Taylor, of this city; Mayor Cregier, of Chicago, and a dark horse.

THE display of mental acrobatics made by the able jurist, Judge Sharpstein, in the reversal of himself in the Jessup case, was something to be proud of. If he explains those insinuations in the *Chronicle*, all will be forgiven, and perhaps nothing will be said of his whereabouts and condition when it was reported he was "up North" a short time ago.

IT is with great pleasure that I learn that Charles Homer Shinn has started a club of Reformed Poets. Now we may expect something worth reading from the members. I would suggest, while Mr. Shinn is reforming himself, that he tries to get a new head. The other gentlemen in the association might die, and contrive to be horn poets somewhere else.

THE statement that Professor Stewart engaged three professionals to personate Louis Sloss, Jr., and Messrs. Fortescue and Mills in the presentation of "Cox and Box" at the School of Design some time ago, is authoritatively denied. Colonel Henry Heyman says he could pick out Mr. Sloss' hiccough from a thousand, and there were only three kinds that night.

CHARITY, always eloquent in her own behalf, had an earnest advocate at the Polyclinic Concert, in the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge. It was certainly a high compliment to this young orator that he should be selected to address the great gathering at the Grand Opera House, where there were so many older men whose voices have awakened to enthusiasm the dormant spirits of an undemonstrative people. The choice of Mr. Shortridge as speaker on this occasion was a great honor. That he was fitted for it, he showed to the satisfaction of all.

FRANK UNGER is on the way to San Francisco. He has feathers in his hair, war paint on his face, a tomahawk in his hand, and blood in his eye. With these accessories of war the gay wanderer will camp on the trail of the gentlemen who declared vacant his position of Secretary of the San Francisco Stock Board. He says his leave of absence was extended by the Hon. Jerry Lynch, President of the body, whom he met on the *Rialto* in Rome. I sincerely hope Mr. Unger will be reinstated; if he is not, he will probably start a Stock Board of his own, and San Francisco has as many as the city can hold now.

From *invitations and greetings*.

"THAT REMINDS ME—"

Of a conversation I heard at the Baldwin Theatre the other night. Two well-dressed, talkative gentlemen sat behind me, and indulged in humorous and sarcastic remarks about the play and the players. Had I paid to hear that kind of thing it would have been all right, doubtless; but as I gave in to the box-office three dollars for the two seats I occupied with a friend, I found the talk very tiresome. It became interesting at this point:

"Who is the chap in the box, Sam? The one with the important airs?"

"Why, they seem all to have considerable more importance than modesty."

"I mean the one with the flannel shirt. See, a messenger boy is just handing him a dispatch."

"Oh, that's Jack Chretien."

"Indeed? He must be somebody to be able to wear a flannel shirt in a box at a decent theatre. And see, there's another messenger boy with a dispatch."

"Yes, he's the husband of a dramatic critic, and a lawyer."

"Oh, then I suppose those messages are from clients?"

"Clients be blowed. If they're not bogus dispatches he is sending to himself, they're notes from his creditors."

I lost the answer of the other, as at this moment the orchestra played "I owed Ten Dollars to O'Grady."

That there is considerable comment in a well-known hotel on Pine street, near Taylor, on the advertisement that appeared in a morning paper a few days ago. It was in the "Personal" column, which is the newspaper juuk shop. One finds everything there excepting, of course, virtue. But one does not look for that in the daily papers. And, you know—but I was beginning to moralize, and I promised to leave that for the genial writer of "Underdones." The personal appeared as follows:

THE THREE GRACES.—You did not keep your engagement last night. We waited on the corner for over an hour. When will you come? THE THREE DUDES.

It happens that in the boarding-house on Pine street, near Taylor, there are three young ladies who are known as "The Graces," and it also happened that the night before the personal appeared they were on the point of going out when a visitor called on them, and held them captive. That is only the weakest kind of circumstantial evidence; and for the defense, I will say that they are very beautiful, very witty, and very sensible, and not at all the kind of girls who would go out to the corner to see gentlemen, and especially gentlemen of the dude species. But the people in boarding-houses do talk, and the envious and unkind profess to believe that the case goes against those particular Graces.

That the laugh was on Clem. Benuett the other evening at the Van Ness avenue concert. Arrayed in the full glory of evening dress he seated himself in a corner of the main room where he had a bird's-eye view of the sweet girl graduates and their friends. Now, Mr. Bennett is no mean judge of female beauty, and his entire faculties were bent on the study of the array of pretty young faces. There were blondes and brunettes, plump girls and slender, but interesting as his occupation undoubtedly was, he found himself wondering at the heat of the room. No one else in his immediate neighborhood appeared to be inconvenienced, however, and Mr. Bennett, concluding his sensation merely momentary, con-

tinued his survey. He had made a critical examination of the fourth row, when he was again unpleasantly reminded of the heat by feeling his collar relax. Again he looked round; everyone else was serene and tranquil. He drew out a silken handkerchief and carelessly mopped his brow.

"My, but how warm it is," he said to a lady who sat near him.

"No wonder," she said, smiling, appreciating his predicament, "you are seated right over the steam heater." And among her auditors were Col. Heyman and H. J. Stewart, who tell the story round.

That the following story suggests its own title: "All on the outside." The gentleman who had just registered at the Baldwin Hotel had an air of wealth about him that impressed the smooth-headed clerk. He was from the East, and showed no unwonted admiration when he glanced around the office, with its opulence of decorations and embellishments.

"I want the best suite of parlors you have in the house," he said.

"Yes, sir; forty-five dollars a day, sir; they are all ready. Front, show the gentleman to the palatial parlors."

The new guest follows the boy upstairs, and returns in three minutes.

"I thought you said those parlors were the best you had in the house," he remarked, severely.

"They are, sir. The furniture is new, and the appointments are most luxurious."

"Well, I love luxury and elegance," said the guest, "and I'll pay you five dollars extra if you have a cot made up for me here in the office."

Of Judge Maloney's strictures on the subject of the *jeunesse doré*. Raising his melodious voice to its full extent he thus expressed himself: "The dude is heaven's last worst gift to mankind. Dense in his ignorance, triply armored in his conceit, he cometh up like a mushroom, and should be executed by the hind legs of a mule. A dude is a natural study in idiocy, an essay in impudence, a nocturne in collars and cuffs; in the economy of the universe he has no place; he is an excrecence, an eruption on the broad surface of civilization. Nature in none of her moods supplies a reason for his existence. Respect for myself and humanity," concluded the Judge, "precludes my believing dudes men. The very aspect of these gilded, tinselled popinjays rouses me to wrath, and the benevolence of my disposition alone prevents me smiting them. I would die happy if I could determine to my own satisfaction the problem that has puzzled so many mightier minds than mine—whether the genus dude is the evolution of a cane or the incarnation of a cigarette."

Of that story they are telling about the wealthy relict of the deceased dry goods merchant, which so pointedly illustrates the aphorism that "Charity begins at home." A widow making a scanty living at dressmaking, incurred an expenditure she was unable to meet out of her funds in hand. Being pushed for money she decided to sacrifice the last remnant of her former prosperity in the shape of a diamond ring. They would give her nothing near its value for it either at the jeweler's or at the pawnshops, and in desperation she decided to raffle it. All her friends and customers bought tickets, among them the wealthy widow, who took ten. Inspired by a spasm of unwonted generosity she returned them all, telling the widow to use them herself. Half

the other purchasers followed her example, and on the night of the drawing the widow's son held a goodly share of the card boards. When the numbers were all called, it was found that one of the ten tickets purchased by the wealthy widow had drawn the prize. The poor woman was as happy as a queen to think she would not have to part with her ring after all, but, being very conscientious, deemed it her duty to tell her friend of the luck that had befallen her. Putting on her best bib and tucker she repaired to the magnificent mansion wherein the dry goods merchant had died, and there commenced to pour out her thanks.

"One of the tickets you were kind enough to purchase and return to me won the prize," she said, "and here is the ring." And she handed her the diamond.

The wealthy widow slipped it on her finger, admired its quality, and then went on to speak of something else. The ring is still on her finger.

Truly, "Charity begins at home."

That gaining money by false pretenses is just as much a crime in a theatre manager as in any other individual. During the last week of the presentation of the "Henrietta" at the Baldwin, Stuart Robson was "sick." He was unable to appear at three of the performances.

It is not necessary to state the particular form of the malady. The management of the theatre was cognizant of his trouble, knew that he was in no condition to act, and yet continued to advertise that he would assume the leading role in the play. Those who went to see the comedy were in the minority; the great majority went to see Stuart Robson, and the opinions expressed by the disappointed were far from flattering to the Baldwin Theatre.

William Keith the poet-artist, is always busy. His studio at 7 Montgomery street is filled with pictures of California and Pacific Coast scenery in all the moods of nature. The grandeur of the Sierras and the quiet beauty of the valleys are depicted with wonderful power and accuracy. Mr. Keith has a high rank among the painters of this country, and has no equals in the poetic expression of landscapes.

A little incident occurred at Mrs. Hager's, the other afternoon which seems to illustrate the tendency of the times. You know, there was a reception at her house—everything on a grand scale, and the hostess, hospitality itself. The buds being there in numbers, all the boys turned out and lent their highly flavored and vividly interesting conversation to the *tout ensemble*. In the course of time the guests were invited to partake of the refreshments, and then all headed in the direction of the dining-room. Not a few of the young gentlemen thought it incumbent on them to assist the waiters in the performance of their duty, and rather impatiently commenced circulating sandwiches and salad. Among others, Mr. George Boyd, who, by-the-way, is one of the handsomest members of the rising generation, set himself to preside over the tea-pot. More of the precious fluid found its way to the carpet than into the cups, and the ruin and dismay of the former were hideous. While he was laughing at the mishap, his hostess arrived on the scene, and whistled blandly:

"Mr. Boyd, one moment, and I'll have a waiter show you how to pour out the tea—just for the sake of the carpet, you know," and since then there has been a coolness between them.

They were talking of Christmas presents, and she had just intimated her willingness to accept a diamond ring. "I want something useful," he said, "and a camera I saw at a leading downtown photo stock store seems to me about the thing. It possesses all the advantages of the original Kodak, but is designed for making larger pictures rectangular in form instead of circular. It's a beauty, and is so constructed that it can be opened ready for use and a picture secured in the space of eight, or at the longest, ten seconds. It can be closed in even less time. The one I saw was very neatly gotten up in a leather case about the size of a cuff box, and as Mr. Partridge told me it can be sent by mail loaded ready for fifty exposures. It must weigh considerably less than four pounds, and one of the best points about this camera," he concluded, "is that it is fitted for the use of the new transparent film which requires no stripping."

SOME CALIFORNIA SCENES.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Nothing in the world like systematic travelling," said the railroad agent blandly, as he handed me a set of tickets. "Only follow the route you have sketched out for yourself and California scenery will have no secrets from you."

After living in San Francisco full many a year, an opportunity to take a vacation was afforded me. I determined to use it in a trip through the State. Passionately fond of traveling, I have had to restrict my locomotory tendencies to brief trips across the bay, to San Jose or Santa Cruz. But now I am going to see the entire State. My preparations were not very extensive, being confined to a carefully packed valise, my camera, and a solicitously prepared itinerary. After mature consideration I decided to head first for Lake Tahoe, then to travel north, then south.

On a delicious autumn morning, the air clear as crystal, the sky cloudless and blue as a tropic sea, I started forth, and was soon bowling along in a comfortable Pullman, over the smooth roadbed between Oakland and Port Costa. There, our train was taken on the immense ferry boat "Solano," the largest steamer of her kind in the world.

Reaching our moorings on the Benicia side, I snapped my camera with the result you see in the accompanying picture, which I style a bird's-eye view of my journeyings.

Over the mountains, traveling is magnificent. Slowly the locomotive climbs the foothills, higher and higher, until at last we are in the midst of the sublime and impressive scenery of the high Sierra. At Truckee, I found a stage waiting for the drive to Tahoe, some fourteen miles distant. Up I got beside the driver, and away we bowled along the banks of the Truckee river—perhaps the most magnificent drive on the Pacific Coast.

But everything faded in comparison with the lake. It bursts upon one's view like a revelation. There is a grandeur and an enchantment in the scenery environing it, set in its frame of giant mountains. But so many abler writers than I have gone into verbal ecstasies over the glories of this gem of the Sierras, that further description becomes mere tautology. As well attempt to picture in words the sublimity of Yosemite. Taking the trip around the lake, I caught a pretty view which I have given a prominent place to in my picture; and there also, I met Mr. and Miss Johnson, two bright Boston people who were on their way to California, animated like myself, by the laudable determination to see everything. Miss Johnson was an enthusiastic amateur, though she had not her instrument with her. The sight of my camera, however, attracted her curiosity, and we were soon the best of friends in the world. I told them of my plans and showed my itinerary.

"The very places we proposed visiting ourselves," said Mr. Johnson. "Supposing we make the journey together."

I was delighted. The very idea of making so wonderful a tour in the company of a bright young man and a pretty girl enraptured me, and we immediately made a compact, appointing Mr. Johnson treasurer.

Two days on the lake and we returned to Sacramento and embarked that night on the Portland Express for Sissons and Mount Shasta. Oh, the glories of that early morning ride through the wild scenery of the Sacramento canyon. Nearly all the way you have the river, here an angry swollen stream imprisoned between dark walls, and all around are the giant

forests that crown the sloping headlands. But most beautiful of all were the glimpses we had of Shasta through the pine tops. The great white dome stands out against the blue morning sky, the sunlight glistening on its snowy summit—a sight of unspeakable splendor, awe-inspiring in its majestic beauty. Further north are the wonderful Mossbrae Falls of which I secured a photograph. They are a wonderful sight.

Sissons at last, and we are ensconced in the comfortable hotel, able to gaze at our ease upon the great northern giant. Here there is an uninterrupted uplift of 10,870 feet and one cannot appreciate at once the immensity of its bulk. Of the dozens of fine views I obtained with Miss Johnson's assistance, I present only the one at the left hand corner of the plate.

Next to Yosemite; down through the broad and fruitful valley of the Sacramento, through grain fields and orchards and meadows of alfalfa, past little growing town, all destined in future to be important centres of population. Then, branching off at Berenda for Raymond, we took the stage there and found ourselves later among the giant trees of the Mariposa grove. Thence it is not far to the great valley. Thousands have recorded their impressions of the ineffable beauty of the view from Inspiration Point, and to attempt to do again what has been done so well and so frequently before, would be a gratuitous superfluity. Yosemite strains the power of admiration to the highest pitch, and the very greatest among word painters have felt how ineffective was their art to convey the peerless sublimity of its scenery. Here I caught a good view of the Half Dome which gives some idea of its immense height.

From Yosemite, we traveled south down through the Mohave desert and the flourishing city of Los Angeles to Palm valley in San Diego county, a corner of the State that has always excited my curiosity. Here are extensive groves of beautiful palms, varying from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet in height and the now famous Palm Valley Springs having strong medicinal properties. I obtained here one very pretty picture of the trees which none of us would have missed seeing for worlds.

From here we decided to wend our way towards the San Luis Ray Mission, also in San Diego county, and were rewarded by obtaining a magnificent view of one of the oldest and most impressive of these adobe relics of the days that are no more.

Santa Barbara was our next stopping place and we, of course, made an extended examination of the wonderful old mission building. The coast route, there, is one of the most interesting railroad trips in California. The track takes one right through the fertile Santa Clara valley, wherein is situated the Camulos rancho, famous as the home of Ramona. On the south are the richly sculptured San Fernando mountains, and the foothills of the "Sierra de San Rafael" on the north.

At San Buenaventura, the ocean is reached, from which point onwards the railroad follows the windings of the shore.

One picture of the accompanying series shows the Santa Barbara harbor, noted as being perhaps the best bathing place in the world. It is the winter resort of winter resorts, for nothing can surpass the exquisite mildness of the air—the softest, most luxurious, most languorous atmosphere in the world. The very word climate suggests Santa Barbara. Another is of the old mission garden, and the monk is Father Fox, most genial of friars, who loves to linger in the sunlight, surrounded by a wealth of tropical verdure. We were never

tired of telling Miss Johnson of the beauties of that garden, and it was a source of sincere regret to her that she could not go inside. The rule against admitting ladies is inexorable.

In order to round off our journey we determined to take the stage through Gaviota Pass to San Luis Obispo and thence over the mountains to Santa Marguerita at the head of the famous Salinas valley. The Santa Ysabel Hot Springs are within a short drive of Paso Robles, and I had determined not to go north until I had seen them. They lie nestled in a charming canyon and are surrounded on all sides by rolling hills covered with groves of gigantic oak and towering pine. It is an ideal place for a summer resort, apart altogether from the remarkable virtue of the springs. The main one is about six and a half feet in width and flows 20,000 gallons an hour. Its waters are clear, sparkling, slightly sulphurated and freely carbonated, and their temperature is about 96.3 Fahr. Analysis shows the spring to be almost identical in properties with the hot springs of Arkansas.

A mountain lake about 600 feet in length has just been constructed, and it forms a most delightful bathing place. The diamond-shaped view in the left corner of the artoype, shows the lake.

Passing San Miguel, the train runs through the ruins of the old mission, whose adobe walls rising on either side of the iron highway tell, stronger than any words could, of the unspeakable gulf between the past and present. I got a pretty view of the valley, a little further north, which you see down in the left corner. It represents a scene on one of the great grazing ranches, whereon there are countless head of cattle, for the Salinas valley is famous for its flocks and herds.

No tour of the State would be complete without a visit to Del Monte, so after enjoying the gorgeous drives and the luxurious accommodation of the "Queen of American Watering Places," we turned north again, heading, this time, for Santa Cruz. After exhausting all that was to be seen in this delightful seaside city, we took the South Pacific Coast line for San Jose, stopping *en route* at the Big Trees, of which I secured the excellent picture you see at the bottom of the page. From San Jose, we staged it over to the famous Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, and, after gazing our fill at the moon and stars, through the giant reflector, returned to the city via Menlo Park and San Mateo. Duty bound, I escorted my friends to the Cliff House, and showed them Fort Point and the Golden Gate, from various points of view, and, Miss Johnson having obtained her camera, we managed to catch the three pictures of the harbor, that are placed in the right-hand corner of the artoype.

We finished a most interesting tour with a run up to the Geysers, returning via Calistoga and the Napa valley. The picture of the Geysers is as good a one of this curious region as I have ever seen. On our way home, we stopped to secure a vineyard view, which I also included in my series.

"I never enjoyed myself so much," said Mr. Johnson, after we had reached home, "and I must say that your California traveling is much better and very much cheaper than I had any idea it would be. As for your hotels, they are moderate in price and their accommodation is excellent. I am more than surprised."

This verdict did not astonish me, for all along, they were marvelling at the low prices and the wonderful quality of the food set before them, wherever we stopped. Next day my vacation ended, and very reluctantly I went back to work.

SOME NEWSPAPER MEN.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BRIGHT ONES.

Although himself the historian of the world, the maker of reputations, the mundane recording angel and glory-giver, the newspaper man is but little known. I mean, of course, the man who writes the news, not the one who writes the cheques. Between the two there is a vast difference, and with all deference to other proprietors, it is usually in favor of the former.

The newspaper office is the cell of the Great Anonymous. There he sits, unknown except to a few admiring and appreciative acquaintances, and indites the thoughts that stir to new endeavor the masters of the sciences; that awaken in the hearts of the people a warmer and kindlier feeling for their fellowmen; that create the sentiments that make a Republic to-day of the monarchy of yesterday; that force the high to respect the low; that move the wheels of commerce and push forward the car of civilization; that call from his quiet and humble retreat the man whose mind shall rule the nations. The anonymous power, of whom the public never hears, of whom it knows little except in a casual way, in whom it has little interest and for whom it may have little respect, builds up a One, whose individuality swallows up that of the little army that makes him great by its efforts.

I have heard people express surprise when they learned that "the editor and proprietor" of a great daily not only did not write *everything* that appeared in the paper, but seldom wrote anything. Of course, it is not necessary that the gentleman who owns a great journal should write anything, which is often-times very fortunate. The Great Anonymous is at work for him, moving with the leverage of pen and pencil the world to quicker and better motion. I have seen on pictured page the faces and names of some called "Representative Journalists of the Country," who were excellently well qualified to fill positions of trust and confidence in a large dry goods store or flour mill, but who were miserably equipped for the battle in the line of endeavor to which they had been called by virtue of heirship or pecuniary investment. To such an extent has this "Representative" business been carried that I have come to regard the "Representative Journalist" as a gentleman who owns a paper, but who can write almost nothing; and the newspaper man, one who can write almost everything but who does not own a paper.

In my humble judgment there is but one position on a newspaper that the thoroughly incompetent may retain—and that is the position of proprietor. The tenure of office of nearly every one else depends on the ability he possesses. And nowhere—in no other profession—does individual effort and endeavor show so plainly as in the newspaper office. Every man there stands or falls on his merit, which has quick recognition.

In this city of San Francisco are some of the brightest newspaper men in the country. As writers, newsgatherers, editors and proprietors they are peers of the best and brightest. But it is not of the proprietors I mean to tell at present. They are known from California's Dan to Bersheba, and from the point where the world-jogger loses a day to the name-inscribed pyramids. Of the men who make them known the public may desire to know something—of the Great Anonymous Power, they may have some curiosity. It would be impossible to write of all the worthy men in the profession in an article of this

length. Among those of whom I do not speak, there are many whose ability merits recognition and praise from an abler pen than this. A number of them are my friends; among those of whom I write some are not my friends, gentlemen who have scarcely a speaking acquaintance with me, and who neither love, esteem nor admire me. Personally, I do not care for some of them, but I have the greatest admiration for their ability; and while I do not seek their friendship, I enjoy their work, and heartily rejoice that they employ their exceptional talents and bring the force of their wonderful ability to the adornment of the profession of journalism. This will not be regarded as biographical of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned. As far as possible, only, the reporters, or writers—"working newspapermen"—will be mentioned.

Taking the journals alphabetically, the *Alta* staff is the first on the list, with J. L. Robinson as leader. The short and bright career of this gentleman, from the reporter on the *Chronicle* to his present position as managing editor of the *Alta* proves his ability better than piled up periods of mine. Only a few years ago he came to San Francisco, a lawyer. Tired of *Blackstone*, and with a lingering love for the profession in which he had done some desultory work in the East, he started at the bottom of the ladder here, and surely and rapidly reached the top. If some one did not tell you he was managing editor, you would never guess it; all rank is leveled in the *Alta* office, which is certainly Democratic enough to suit the most rabid. Mr. Robinson is a clever writer, and has a vein of grim, sarcastic humor that is enjoyed by all his readers, not even excepting his suffering victim, if he happens to be a man of sense.

The best known men on the *Call* are probably Louis Whitcomb, the handsome city editor, and Walter J. Thompson. Mr. Whitcomb won fame as a political reporter, and is a clever, entertaining "all-round" writer. The work he has done in the past as a newsgatherer has been supplemented by his excellent administration of the local department of the *Call*.

Walter J. Thompson is one of the best known of the working newspapermen; he has done good service in all the departments of a daily journal. One would suspect him of being a poet and song writer, because he looks so little like the gentlemen who commit venial sin in verse. Mr. Thompson wrote "Only a Pansy Blossom," and "Sweet Violets," songs that had a wider popularity than any written in recent years. Yet his revenue from them was small, owing to his careless conduct of his own business affairs.

The *Chronicle* has a number of talented men. Horace R. Hudson, the able city editor, has few equals in the country. He is a strong, forcible, pure writer, and is an executive officer of marked ability. He is a favorite with his men, and gets more and better work from them than would be given, probably, to any other person in his position.

Tom Flynn—a good many people pronounce the name as if it were hyphenated—is a genius. I think he is the most humorous writer who puts his thoughts on paper. Everything he does is illuminated with a spark of wit. He escapes details "to do" funerals, as it is popularly believed he would write them up in the shape of a dialogue between the corpse and a heart-broken sufferer who has been forgotten in the will. At present Mr. Flynn is sporting editor. No pugilist ever bites the rosin dust on whom Tom does not write an epitaph for which almost anyone would be willing to die.

Another "Tom," T. J. Vivian, has an en-

viable reputation as a special writer. He is an "all-round" man, and is capable and competent in any position. There are few subjects with which he is not familiar; his matter is readable and entertaining, and some of the special features of the *Chronicle*, which have been warmly praised by the newspapers of the country, were from his pen. Mr. Vivian writes an interesting short story now and again, which has a literary merit and market value equal to anything printed here.

Charles E. Trevathau is a bright and easy writer with a valuable fund of information about horses and races. His articles on turf matters are always readable.

Whatever is good in the profession the *Examiner* gets. I regard "Ed" Hamilton, the organizer of the Order of the Knights of the Deep Dark Red Taste in the Mouth, Bohemian Club, as one of the most pleasing and expert word jugglers in the city. Mr. Hamilton is a clever writer on all subjects; a man so versatile that he will write you up a murder like a marriage, a hanging like a game of baseball, and a session of the Legislature like a circus. He is an extensive reader, with a remarkable memory, and loses no opportunity to prove that a University education to the right kind of a man has its advantages. Mr. Hamilton has held a responsible position on the *Examiner*, but shines brightest in the local columns.

"Tom" T. Williams is another star on the *Examiner* force. He has a reputation that is worth money to a writer. It is said of Mr. Williams that he writes with nothing but "a facile pen;" he is certainly a smooth, clear and enjoyable author. Whether he writes a prize-fight between Barbary Coast pugs, or an interview with Judge Shafter, the reader will find the matter very interesting. His work is nearly always of a high standard.

Fred L. Lawrence and Charlie L. Michelson are among the best of the young men on the San Francisco press. Mr. Lawrence is a wonder at "working up" a case, and Mr. Michelson is a very happy writer.

George H. Myer is a clever "all-round" man, of whom no one can feel jealous because of his social disposition.

The man who is best known on the *Bulletin* is George D. Squires, whose ability is recognized by everyone. He is thoroughly familiar with state and city affairs, and knows every man in California who is worth knowing. His articles on municipal matters are standard works, and in treating of City Hall affairs he has no rival.

The *Post* has a number of good men. T. Garrett, the new city editor, has had rapid promotion that came through the recognition of ability that is of a high order.

Fremont Older has won a reputation as a news getter that is worth having; but aside from getting the news, he can write it up, which everyone can't do. Mr. Older's executive ability has been recognized, and he has held many positions of trust.

On the *Report* there are a number of bright men, who assist Mr. Southerland in making a good paper. Theodore F. Bonnet, who "does" the City Hall, has a crowd of acquaintances who see that he gets all the news. He is a quick accurate writer, and knows a "scoop" from a handsaw. J. D. McArdle, the sporting editor, and J. H. MacLennan, a general writer, are well and favorably known.

These are only a few of the working newspaper men of this city. There are many others who are worthy of the notice, but lack of space makes it impossible to give. The men on the weekly, tri-weekly and monthly publications make a great army in themselves.

OUR OAKLAND LETTER.

DEAR WAVE:—There has not been a superfluity to chronicle since my last letter. The weather has been vile beyond all experience and the festivities of Christmas can hardly be said to have commenced. Our beautiful hills are veiled in mist. Peaceful Lake Merritt threatened to blot out the surrounding landscape. Altogether we have been in a very bad and unsatisfactory way. Over at Berkeley they have become more literary than ever, and the Brown-ing cult has gone into severe, deep mourning on account of their favorite's death. I am informed, indeed, that some of the more enthusiastic among the aesthetic maidens there are determined to prove their grief by abstaining from dancing all the season. No very great loss either, it seems to me. Somehow or other, the very sight of a Berkeley maiden gives me the blues—*les bleus*. Generally New England by parentage and spectated by adoption, she regards Prof. Howison as a separate intellectual achievement and Joseph La Conte as a divinity. She worships at half a hundred other shrines, burns the incense of appreciation at dull lectures and dismal tea-parties, and finds undiscoverable beauties in her favorite professor's essays. Alas! it is a miserable kind of life, and sooner than live it, I would make my home up at Xiles.

Now that I have pen in hand I might just as well start in and tell you all about our German on Friday evening last. Dear me, what a delightful time I had. Though Nellie Chabot and Minnie Houghton were not there, all the boys turned out in force and dress-suits, and there was no lack of partners. Harry Houghton was again in command, and worked like a Hercules, dancing with all the girls who were not getting their proper share of attention, and showing the rest the way around. I am beginning to like Harry, and think now he is a model German leader.

There was nothing very remarkable about the first two figures, number one being the old right and left. The third was something new, and was called the Lawn Tennis figure. This is something quite novel and will undoubtedly become popular on your side of the water. Ladies and gentlemen were each equipped with a tennis racquet, adorned with colored ribbons, and a ball, colored to correspond with the racquet. They formed in rows with arms extended and between them marched ten other couples bearing the net. These divided off on either side of the room, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. Those holding racquets then served their balls over the net, and those unprovided caught them, sought out the racquets to correspond, and then all danced. The effect was exceedingly pretty and was much admired. The members of the leading set were: Harry Miller and Miss Tucker, George Wheaton and Miss Prather, Harry Knowles and Miss Goodall, John Adams and Miss Orr, Will Rabe and Miss Brown, H. Squires and Miss Morris. All the girls looked nice, Misses Grimes and Clement looking among the very best. I wonder, though, what Miss Grimes had been doing to her hair. It would not keep up, but kept falling in a golden shower over her beautiful white neck and shoulders. I am very much afraid that if I had hair like hers it would just keep doing the very same thing. She wore blue, cut with low neck and short sleeves, and she looked like a nymph. Another girl who looked awfully pretty was Miss Goodall, whose dark Spanish type of beauty was displayed to the best advantage in a blue costume, trimmed over with white lace and a sash of the same shade.

I did not see either Rhodes Brodin or Miss Ralston there, and suppose that the absence of the one explains that of the other. Miss Nannie Prather wore a new dress, and looked her best. It was a cream *La Tosca*, and it fitted superbly. Al. Clement and Miss Rabe danced a good deal together, and seemed very happy in each other's company. I don't think I ever saw her look so nice. She wore a low-neck dress, with artificial flowers round her shoulders. She is a most graceful dancer and received a great deal of attention. My little friend Tompkins, of San Leandro, was not there, but his big sister was. She danced with her cousin, young Haight, who is not particularly tall, and the contrast was alarming. Miss Wheaton, who met with a serious accident a few months ago, made her first appearance in society this season. Though she did not dance, she has almost entirely recovered, and to the great delight of all her friends, she does not limp a bit. Her plump, graceful figure was arrayed in a pink costume. Harry Squires, of the *Enquirer*, brought a very pretty Portland damsel to the dance, and was most assiduous in his attentions to her. Many of the boys cast longing glances in her direction, but Mr. Squires was oblivious to hints, and kept her all for himself, which I think was very selfish.

Will Powning seemed to find no difficulty in consoling himself for the absence of Miss Chabot, but transferred his attentions to Miss Grimes, with whom he had several dances. George Boyd did not dance as much as usual but appeared to be having a delightful time with himself, and certainly making it pleasant for the girls he was talking to. Pretty Miss McKee danced with Norman Lang, whose name you misprinted Lacy in my last letter. I think such mistakes are very disagreeable, don't you, but suppose they could not be helped. Norman is a nice boy and deserves to have his name spelt correctly. Miss Josie Pierce, who has just returned from New York, wore a new pink dress and would have looked exceedingly nice but for her hair. It was dressed in the latest style—a knot extending

some distance down the neck; but I don't think it a bit nice and really hope it will not become fashionable out here.

Miss Clement looked as beautiful as a picture in a blue costume. She danced most of the night with Philip Goldsborough. Harry Miller and Etta Tucker led the first set and their steps seemed to suit each other admirably. Harry, you know, has just returned from Europe, and already the gossips are hinting that he may follow the example of his brother, Chris. Among the matrons who looked splendid were Mrs. Wheaton, who was in olive silk, with puffed sleeves. She is a most delightful lady, full of fun and jollity, and was almost as much in demand among the young men as the girls. You would never imagine that Mrs. Clement was Al's mother, she is so young looking. She appears to be his elder sister. She wore black *en traine*. But how about John Adams and Fanny Orr? They were together the whole night and though they did not appear to be having an exuberant time they stuck to each other closer than limpets. And I'll be bound to say that Mrs. Orr did not permit them out of her sight. Even at supper they had a table all to themselves and everyone was on to the peaceful family arrangement of the affair. Mrs. Orr wore black, while Miss Fanny was in creamy white dress, with low neck and short sleeves.

The supper was delicious. The salads were exquisite in flavor and the terrapin excellent. The menu cards, printed on a new quality of satin paper, were most artistic. I am very glad to see that the rule about having no wine is being strictly observed. When there are a number of young people together as in the Germans, I think it just as well to keep temptation out of their reach.

Before closing I will tell you a little about the Ladies' Orchestra Concert which took place on the evening of December 11th at the Tucker residence on Market street. It was a very enjoyable affair and I was surprised at the excellence of the playing. Henry Siering conducted, and he certainly deserves congratulations on his success. There are not many ladies' orchestras in the West who do such good work. Both Miss Bosqui and Miss Tucker played admirably on the violin, eliciting from it delicious tones. Miss Clement is a pianist of no mean skill, while the second violins, Miss Hart, A. Herrick and Alice Ames are thoroughly equal to their parts. Mrs. John Rea played the cello, Mrs. J. H. Todd, the cornet, and Miss Janet Watt, the piano.

The orchestra played different selections, none of them very complex, but all melodious. The success of the evening was the excellent rendering of Viotti's violin concerto, Op. 22, by Miss Grace Barstow, whose playing is remarkably fine. There is nothing at all amateurish about her rendering. Her tone is full and rich and her technique excellent. She practices about five hours daily, and if she only keeps on will rival the divine Toricelli, most exquisite of female violinists. A vocal duet between Miss Newland and Miss L. Herrick was another good number, the former's fine alto voice being heard to perfection. Altogether the affair passed off most agreeably and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Tuckers have been generous entertainers so far this season and I do hope they will keep it up. What a pity it was you could not get pictures of Miss Grimes and Miss McKee among your belles. I do think, though, with all due respect, that Miss Etta is very much prettier than your pictures. CARRIE.

THE HOTEL WESTMINSTER.

The Hotel Westminster, on Fourth and Main streets, Los Angeles, is one of the most popular of the first-class houses in the south. Its location is the best in the city. Everything is provided for the comfort and convenience of the many guests who make the hotel their headquarters while in Southern California.

The Westminster is a magnificent building of great architectural beauty. It has two hundred and five rooms, is supplied with elevator, electric bells with return calls in all the rooms, fire escapes, baths, telegraph office, etc. It is centrally located in close proximity to churches and places of amusement. Considering the excellent service and the admirable cuisine the rates are wonderfully low. A first class table is set, where all the luxuries of the season are obtainable. Altogether, visitors to Los Angeles who fail to make their headquarters here, will find they have made a grievous mistake. It is *par excellence*, the hotel of the Southern metropolis.

A BRONZE MEDAL.

It will be a matter of great satisfaction to San Franciscans to learn that Louis Thors, whose reputation as an artistic photographer is unequalled, received a large bronze medal at the Paris Exposition for the excellence of his photographs. It was not a display in any sense of the word, for the photographs were not specially prepared, but merely selected at random from the pictures in his case, and confided to the care of a friend who on arriving in Paris, placed them on exhibition. As some of the photographs were those of old world celebrities that have visited this city, the excellence of his work was at once recognized and rewarded. There is no doubt about it, Thors is the photographer.

A Christmas Bazaar and Russian Tea is now in progress at the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, 33½ Geary street, for the benefit of that very worthy institution. It will be partly a society affair, and will close on Saturday afternoon.

SOME SOCIETY BELLES.

The portraits of San Francisco and Oakland belles presented with this issue of the *THE WAVE*, are the finest that have ever been issued by any journal. Pictures of well known people, so poorly executed that they could not be recognized, have so often appeared in the newspapers that the opinion was general that it was impossible to publish a photograph that would look at all like the person whose features it was supposed to represent. Even the best journals in the country have printed portraits of our society belles that bore no resemblance whatever to the originals. The cuts were most inartistically made, the features were distorted, and the likeness was successfully destroyed.

It is with much pleasure that the evidence of the success of *THE WAVE*'s efforts to produce photographs as good as any ever seen, is presented now. The expense of publishing these pictures was heavy; indeed, much greater than would be readily believed by most people, but the wonderful accuracy with which the photographs are reproduced, the artistic manner in which they are arranged, and the general satisfaction with which they will be received, will be compensation for the extra outlay. It is the desire of the proprietors to make a paper that will be interesting and entertaining to those for whom it is published, and no expense will be spared in doing this.

Society buds, like prosperous nations, have no histories, and it is the merest reiteration of the same details to enter into lengthy descriptions of their appearance, so I'll be very brief.

Miss Jenny Dunphy is one of the most popular of the handsome young ladies of this city. She is a blonde, carries herself like a queen, and is possessed of all the graces of gentle femininity. An able pen has described her in the article on San Francisco heiresses.

So much has been said in praise of the beauty and charms of Miss Tessie Fair that it would be piling Ossa on Pelion to say more. Her admirers are counted by the score; her gentle disposition and warmth of heart have made her a general favorite.

Miss Ella Goad is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who does not owe her popularity so much to the high position she holds in society as to the happy tendency of her mind, that is as sunny and bright as a summer sky. She is a vocalist of exceptional ability; studied two years under the renowned Marchesi in Paris, and is undoubtedly one of the belles of the Coast. She is a blonde, and her beauty is of the regular type. She has the most perfectly shaped mouth and the bluest eyes in the State. Her figure is exquisitely graceful.

Miss Marguerite Wallace is a daughter of Judge W. T. Wallace, the well known jurist, and a grand-daughter of ex-Governor Burnett. She is a tall, aristocratic beauty—a blonde with regular features, a dazzling complexion and dark eyes. In disposition she is quiet and reserved. The Wallace family hold a very high social position in the southern set. One of the daughters is the wife of Colonel J. Mervyn Donahue.

Miss Maud Howard is tall, graceful and reserved. She has a beautiful face and a very fine figure. Her father is Chas. Webb Howard, President of the Spring Valley Water Works, one of the brainy men of the Coast. Besides being a beauty, Miss Howard is an heiress.

Miss Virginia Hanchette is a sister of Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright of Sacramento. She is tall and very handsome, with a magnificent figure, and carries herself superbly. She has gained quite a reputation as a swimmer, sharing champion honors with Miss Alice Boalt. Miss Hanchette shares her sister's artistic taste for dress, and her costumes are always charming. At the military German the other evening she was one of the belles.

Miss Etta Tucker is an Oakland beauty whose loveliness of face and regularity of features maintain the family traditions. Her portrait is hardly the best of the series, and hardly does her justice. She is a clever violinist, and a graceful dancer. Her mother, Mrs. Dr. Sheppard, entertains very largely, and their beautiful residence in the Athens of Alameda county is much admired.

Miss Emilie Hager, whose graceful figure and lovely face forms the centre portrait in the group, is the daughter of Mrs. Judge Hager, of this city. She is a belle *par excellence*, a bright conversationalist, accomplished, and a daring horsewoman, and, above all, skilled in the great art of entertaining. Miss Hager is one of the San Francisco young ladies who would attract as much attention in a European ball-room as she does in San Francisco.

Miss Nellie Joliffe is one of the prettiest girls in San Francisco. Upon her first appearance in society her reputation as a belle was established, and, after more than one season, she still retains, without cavil, her place in the front ranks of California beauties. She has a good figure, is a bright, vivacious talker, musically inclined, a splendid horsewoman and a graceful dancer. Her features are all good; her hair is of a beautiful brown, with just enough of an auburn tinge at times to give it, in certain lights, that bronze hue so much admired. But her chief charm is her eyes—dark, luminous and deep, which can melt with emotion or flash with angry fire, eloquently expressing every change in her mood, for Miss Joliffe is a young lady of great force of character, famed for her powers of repartee. Miss Joliffe is most essentially a California girl, having never been out of the State in which she was born. Her father was Captain Joliffe, who died some years since. She resides on Pine street.

SON OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Strange, is it not, that thrifty fathers should have spendthrift sons. I presume it is a divine provision for the dispersion of huge fortunes. With few exceptions, the offspring of our Pacific Coast millionaire are but degenerate descendants of worthy sires, and I could name a dozen youths whose careers would but too amply justify my strictures. Every few months some new tale of profligacy is added to the list, and, but to think of the subject, is to be reminded of the camel-needle's-eye proverb, which is as true now as it was when written.

There is a story they are telling around the clubs of young—whose papa is among the most prominent of our millionaires. Strange to say he has transmitted to his sons, not a single one of the remarkable traits that make him what he is. They are as other men, soft where he is hard; dull where his brilliancy is most conspicuous; weak, effeminate, luxurious, where he is virile, vigorous, abstemious. But one single feeling have they in common, and that is sensuality. The young man of whom I write has been constant in his attentions to a prominent member of the Half World. His spare time has been spent at her residence, and many a costly gift, many an expensive piece of jewelry, attest stronger than words his devotion. Time and again the millionaire has urged his offspring to marry and settle down, and as repeatedly has the youth excused himself. When the father became peremptory the son, relapsing into sulkiness, has left the city; returning only when his parent's wrath had melted and the purse strings were again unloosened.

Realizing at last, that other means were futile, the millionaire sent for his son's *inamorata*, and told her plainly she was spoiling his boy's life. She only laughed. He reasoned with her, however, and after an earnest talk, she left him accompanied by a cheque for a large sum.

Next time the young man came to town, he found her door closed, and a polite *attaché* with whom he was familiar, informed him that another member of the *jeunesse doré* had supplanted him in her mistress' affections. Rage and despair filled his heart. He was wild with anger.

Next day he again rang the bell, and this time was ushered into the presence of the woman who had forsaken him.

Why was she unfaithful? asked he.

Caprice—she shrugged her shoulders. Had grown tired. There was another whom she felt sure loved her better than he.

And his name? The other entered at this moment answering for himself. A tall, thin youth, a lover of fast horses and faster females, and of the wine that sparkles in their cut glasses.

The scene that ensued beggars description. From the discarded one, came volumes of invective, from his successors taunts and jeers, only the identity of the two men renders the matter of interest. Blows were exchanged and a dangerous conflict seemed inevitable, when the woman summoned assistance. The son of the millionaire was bundled out of the house and ignominiously hurled down the steps.

His rival has recently added something to his unsavory notoriety by marrying a hard-mouthed songstress. As a parting gift to his lady friend, he presented her with a magnificient set of diamonds that could not have cost less than \$2,000.

Such is the way of the world.

STUDIO STORIES.

The artists were all smoking cigars, and there was an air of hilarity about the studio that spoke of the celebration of some pleasing event. The stout Modeler was late and he regarded the assembled masters with surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked, reaching for the box, and taking therefrom a cigar, that none but he could wield.

"We're smoking on Major Hammond," said the Secretary; "have another. Even the Young One has for the moment eschewed his greatest vice, cigarette smoking, and is enjoying a fragrant Havana."

"Cigarette smoking is not his greatest vice," remarked the Stout Modeler, quietly.

"What is it, eigh?" inquired the Young One, and a sinister gleam lit up his eye.

"Painting."

After the Stout Modeler had named his weapons, he inquired the reason for the prodigal display of cigars. "You know that kangaroo that escaped from the Park some time ago?" said the Intellectual Admirer of plants of the genus *Allium* (A c-pa). Well, the Student caught it up at his house, and tried to sell it. Nobody wanted it. He heard that Major Hammond was looking for a kangaroo, and thought he'd try to dispose of the animal to him. The Major was highly delighted with the marsupial; said it was one of the finest specimens he had ever seen, and would be delighted to place it in the paddock with some other Australian live stock. The Student named his price, got it, and departed, and the Major, who really doesn't know the difference between a kangaroo and the foal of a white ass, again owned his pet by right of purchase. "We're smoking the price of the Student's double dealing," he concluded, helping himself to another cigar.

"How much did you get for the kangaroo?" asked the Young One.

"Seven dollars and a quarter."

"That's about seven dollars more than you would have got for him if you had painted him," remarked the Secretary, whose mouth and pockets were full of the Student's cigars.....

"The story I hear of a young artist would make a cap that one of three or four could wear," said the Critic. "A friend of mine learned that the embryo Missioner was going into the country to spend his holiday, and thought he could introduce him to a wealthy rancher without danger to either of them. He did so, and the artist was asked to call when he was painting in the neighborhood. He was out sketching next morning; called; brought his trunk and outfit, and stayed let me see."

"Three months," suggested a voice from behind an easel.

"That was the time," said the Critic. "While staying at the ranch he painted a picture of his host, but said he would have to bring it to San Francisco, so that he might touch it up 'at his leisure.' Well, he finished the portrait, and sent it to the gentleman."

"I think he paid his host in full for his board, if the picture was any good," said the Young One, with dignity.

"Oh, but he sent his bill with the portrait," remarked the Critic.

"Some people would call that 'nerve,' said a quiet youth, but I—oh—I call that a display of the artistic temperament.....

"I was up at the Art Students' League on the night of the exhibition," said the Young One, "and heard such a fine criticism that I came near dying."

"I wish you had," remarked the Stout Modeler, emphatically.

"You exude envy," was the retort. "I stood behind a couple well advanced in years, and with a tolerable amount of taste in dress. They were examining Mr. Mathews' pastel 'Judith'."

"Oh, it's fine, isn't it?" said one.

"You bet," said the other, enthusiastically. "What is the subject?"

"'Oh, the Sphinx,' was the answer; don't you see the pyramids?"

"You do solemnly swear?" asked the Stout Modeler. . . .

"The private exhibition and sale of Miss Eva Withrow's paintings and studies, announced for Monday evening, has been postponed, owing to a sad event in the accomplished artist's family. In the collection are many really excellent pictures. Miss Withrow paints with the freedom and power of a true artist; her drawing is good, her coloring is natural, and her composition is indicative of thought and imagination. When the exhibition is again announced the sale should be a successful one."

"Mr. Keith's work now partakes of the character of the weather. His gray days have a misty feeling that is inseparable from the sunless skies that hang heavy over Tamalpais".....

"The exhibition of Arthur F. Mathews' oils, pastels and crayons at the Art Student's League was one of the most notable that has been seen here in sometime. Many of the paintings, which were of a high order of merit, were in the Salon, and received warm praise from the French critics and honorable mention from the Committee on Awards. It is seldom that San Franciscans have an opportunity of viewing works of so much merit from the brush of one who has studied in this city. Although the week of the exhibition was wet from Saturday to Friday, the number of people who viewed the pictures was large."

"The closing of the Art Association for the winter vacation was celebrated by an entertainment of a unique character. The works of the students were shown in the exhibition

hall, and attracted much favorable comment. In the classroom the operetta of "Cox and Box" was presented by the well-known vocalists, Louis Sloss, Jr., and Messrs. Mills and Fortescue. Over the performance I will draw the mantle of charity.

"That is almost the only thing you could draw," said the Young One, viciously.

"Didn't I draw that picture of yours at the Spring Exhibit?" retorted the critic, "and haven't I been trying to give it away ever since?"

"Well, there was certainly great improvement noticeable in the works of the pupils. The Avery medal, for general excellence in oils, was awarded to Oroka Suyeda, the Japanese student. J. M. Gamble and Miss M. Froelich were specially mentioned. Miss Isabel Hinter received the Alvord medal for general excellence in the competition class. Miss C. E. Bodwell and R. E. Robinson were honorably mentioned. Mr. Takahashi was specially mentioned. The School of Design re-opens on the first Monday in January, and it is quite likely there will be more teachers engaged. The increase in the number of pupils has been so great that the classes are almost too large for Messrs. Yeland, Joullin and Kunath. The Art Students' League opens on the same date.

PLATT'S HALL ATTRACTIONS.

Placer, which in years back was one of the leading mining counties of the State, which in later years has stood at the front as a producer of deciduous fruits, having walked off with the first premium at the State Fair every time it has competed for it, now comes to the front with the finest display of citrus fruit ever made by a single county in this State. Its exhibit now open, free to the public at Platt's Hall in this city, is so grand, so extensive, so superbly magnificent that it baffles description. All the dailies of the city are going into ecstasies over it, and all who see it are overawed with astonishment. Placer, judged from its products, is unquestionably a marvelous county.

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MER.—"That is true."

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MER.—"Demonstrate it."

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MER.—"Well, I can't go back on my own proposition. I know the company is reliable and I'll take it."

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THE TYPEWRITER'S COURTSHIP.

Emmeline Margo, poor, proud and beautiful, was a typewriter in a down town insurance office. She enjoyed the respect and esteem of her employer's wife and the love of her fellow clerks. She was excluded from the common gaze by a Japanese screen, from behind which proceeded the dainty tones of her instrument, clicking forth epistolary sonatas, preludes and figures.

She was the wonder and admiration of California street and part of Sausalito, and wherever underwriters did gather the name of Emmeline Margo was spoken with baited breath. She was indeed beautiful. Her figure a masterpiece and her complexion a rose. She was tall and fleshy and her deep blue eyes shone like stars. Her nose was Grecian and her mouth a symphony in rubies and pearls. But her greatest charm was her blush. Without conscious effort or apparent provocation she would turn a vivid crimson, and, thus accoutered, it was indeed an adamantine heart that could remain insensible to her charms. There was something so deliciously innocent in that blush, so guileless and sincere, that it was impossible to imagine aught but candor and artlessness to lie concealed beneath.

But she was a psychological study by Balzac, an analysis by George Eliot, and an exterior by Edgar Saltus. Yes, Emmeline Margo was all this—and more. Her powers of dissimulation would have done credit to a Becky Sharp, and no one in the office had the slightest suspicion of it save two young hookkeepers who had not given her that attention and degree of admiration she regarded as her due, and in consequence found themselves looking for new situations without exactly knowing how it had occurred. Such is the power of a soft, sad smile, an air of injured innocence and a ready blush.

The general agent was an elderly gentleman of eminent respectability and prime sanctity. Besides being a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, he was prominent in several congregations, was a familiar figure at theological conventions and was frequently consulted regarding the collection and disposition of charity funds. His surroundings were virtuous, his demeanor evangelical and his character unimpeachable. His wife, a very proper New England lady, was the terror of his life. At least three times every week she visited the office, inquired as to the spiritual needs of the clerks, in fact made a thorough inspection of the premises. Her face, with eminent propriety, might have been used for an iceberg's figurehead. Four daughters they had, irreproachable maidens, prim, precise and uninteresting. The matrimonial destination of the two elder has already been mapped out by their ma, one being set aside for the Sunday School Superintendent and the other for Mr. Chadwick, the brilliant young "special" to whom the general agent had recently given a junior partnership in the business. He was a bright, keen-witted fellow, shrewd and competent, controlling many risks north and south, and the most valuable adjunct of the agency. He was not exactly a society man and he failed to come up to the high standard of godliness prescribed in the rigid code of his presumptive mother-in-law. Alas! he was reputed to be somewhat of a rake.

How unfortunate it is that some women think so poorly of their husbands' capacity that they fail to acquaint them with their plans. If his managing spouse had ever whispered her aspirations into the general agent's ears, which were lamentably fond of gossip, by the way, the following incident would never have happened.

Mr. Chadwick would probably have ended as a son-in-law.

Miss Emmeline Margo, was animated by a very laudable desire for matrimony, and her course was steered with considerable dexterity towards this haven of unprotected femininity. She did nothing without a purpose, tacking to take advantage of every wind that promised to bring her a yard nearer port. She was piety itself, attended her employer's church regularly, had a class at Sunday School, was regarded as the type of perfect Christian young womanhood by all who come in contact with her. Indeed it was the General Agent's wife who had selected her, and she succeeded an artful minx with luxurious bangs and pouting ruby lips, whom the aforesaid dragoness had caught making eyes at the head clerk. Miss Margo, she trusted as implicitly as a lamb from her own fold, regarding her as the incarnation of virtue, humility and obedience. Too wise to waste her ammunition on small game, Miss Emmeline calmly bided her time. She was clever enough to know that the higher her estimate of herself, the more she was likely to be respected. Governing her actions by this

principle, she was yet careful to relax, at certain intervals, just sufficient to lend piquancy to the chase.

In her attitude to the General Agent, she was humility itself. Apparently a trembling, nervous, bashful girl, who blushed violently whenever he spoke, and he regarded her with feelings of parental tenderness. Sometimes he called her "Dear Child." The Special commenced by making violent love to her, but she failed so utterly to respond, that he left her alone for months. Gradually becoming acquainted with the ways of the office, she blushed less and ventured now and again to address an inquiry to Mr. Chadwick. He was politeness itself. Gradually her manner softened. She varied the rigidity of her demeanor by an occasional familiarity—of course it was delicate. She permitted him to catch her staring at him, with admiration in her blue eyes. And then she blushed.

It would require several columns of analysis and a George Eliot at the pen to describe the exquisite gradations of her manner toward him. Sometimes her glance would seek his with looks of longing, and then, with a sigh, and a blush, she would turn away, riveting her eyes on her note book. Their intercourse was limited. Try as he might, she would never see him on the street; as for meeting him, or driving with him, he would not dare propose it.

How he envied the General Agent the few little privileges the girl allowed him, envied his caressing manner, and the paternal pat on the cheek. He alone she permitted to walk with her toward Market street of an evening, and the fact that they both lived out in the Western Addition probably accounted for the office boy's story of having seen them ride home together on the last car.

In sensibly Chadwick became interested in Miss Margo; she was so deliciously innocent, so fresh and natural and yet he could not reconcile her iciness with the burning looks she occasionally favored him with. He began to regard her as a problem and spent hours thinking of nothing else. She piqued his curiosity and flattered him by inducing a belief that she loved him. Happy thought! he had concluded that her bashfulness, her reserve, alone prevented its declaration. And convinced of her dove-like purity, he laughed to scorn the office boy's tale of having seen her and the boss one early morning at the Cliff. He now seriously set himself to win her; he dictated all his letters to her, entered into conversation with her, and as he proceeded his passion became more violent. He had actually fallen in love with her.

And was the General Agent blind to his Special's infatuation? Not he. Quiet old man that he was, he saw it all and said never a word. But who knows why?

It is one thing, however, to capture a man's love, but quite another to lead him to a definite proposal. And here was the consummate skill of Miss Emmeline Margo brought into play. It was delicate work, requiring eminent care for Mr. Chadwick had no actual intention of marrying the General Agent's type writer. Not he. Fond of his liberty, and of his club, he would have laughed at the idea of tying himself, before his capacity for having a good time was exhausted.

And thus the comeoy ran on for two months or more. Mr. Chadwick's attentions were more pronounced, and had become apparent to the entire office, and still he was permitted no liberties. But the glow of her glances became more ardent, and he fancied he was nearing his goal.

One very wet and dreary night, Miss Margo had forgotten both parasol and mackintosh. Would she not permit him to escort her to the car? She blushed and murmured assent. He pressed her hand when parting and she returned the pressure. He rushed back to the office triumphant. He felt sure he had won her at last. Like a little tired bird she would fly into his bosom.

That night he wagered ten dollars with the head book-keeper that he would kiss her on the morrow.

She entered, next day, demure as usual, blushed as she acknowledged his salute, and commenced playing the type writer, as though nothing had happened. The General Agent went out about eleven o'clock to a meeting of the Compact, telling her he would be back at 12:30. He was one of the most punctual men in the world. No sooner had he gone, than the Special entered and commenced dictating a series of epistles to various agents north and south. The entire force was on the *qui vive*. The news of the wager had spread around.

Twelve o'clock, and still the monotonous click, clack, of the instrument and the drone of his voice. At 12:10 there was a lull and a sound of voices from behind the screen—one, manly, impassioned, pleading; the other, a soft soprano, deprecating, entreating, trembling. A sound as though one chair were drawn close to another. A slight

rustling, a suppressed laugh, a tiny shriek. It was now 12:25. Suddenly there came the unmistakable, familiar music of a kiss. Then an interval of silence. The hands pointed to 12:28—29—30.

Just at that second the street door swung open, the general agent entered, and glanced around the office. The clerks buried their heads in ledgers and expiration books. He stepped quietly into the back office where Miss Margo's desk was. Instantly there came over the partition the noise of a scuffle, a little scream, voices talking fiercely and emphatically.

Just as the minute hand had arrived at the half hour Miss Margo, who, for five minutes previous, had been lying on Mr. Chadwick's breast, threw her plump arms around his neck, imprinting on his mouth a most ecstatic kiss. Apparently she had abandoned all reserve, all bashfulness. There was love, life, happiness in that burning embrace. And as the General Agent entered he noticed it. His face was a study. For a moment he stood rubbing his hands, then he whistled slightly—then, his mouth very tight, stepped forward, and said: "Chadwick, my boy, I am happy. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to see this. Accept my congratulations."

"Congratulations—on what, sir?" returned the other, who had jumped to his feet.

"On your engagement, of course. Miss Margo, he's a good boy, and you'll have my blessing and something else."

The girl blushed more vividly than usual, and consummated the scene by bursting into tears.

There was a whispered consultation between the two men. Their voices waxed warm. The sobbing girl never took her eyes off the General Agent who had now assumed and indignant mien. She heard the words:

"Marry her or leave me; that's positive. I love her as my own daughter. You have ruined her life."

A minute later the General Agent came forward leading his Special by the hand. He linked it with the soft, white fingers of the type-writer.

"Bless you, my children," he said, and he smiled savagely.

He was gazing at her pretty piquant face through his champagne glass and had not spoken a word for at least three minutes.

"Struck dumb?" she inquired, with a little pout on her rosy lips.

"No," he answered; "merely thinking—wondering whether the sparkle of this wine is as bright as the lustre of your eyes."

"You are no gallant," she said indignantly. "But stop—the brand. What is the wine?"

"Why, Perrier-Jouet, of course."

"In that case, then," she said, "I'll forgive you."

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MUSICAL JARS.

"Lights above Celestial Salem, how the divine Louise Pyke is coming out since she got back to England," chirped Miss Newvoice, "and that doll husband of hers with his charmings and his fascinatings. Horrid thing; he didn't know anything about singing, and he had, would you believe it, the brass to say I'd a made voice, and when they came here first he said 'Mah waife,' wouldn't open her mouth to sing for anyone under \$150. Yet she and her San Francisco quartette (which he maunders over so beautifully) got the best hoodoo of their lives at the Bijou Opera House first thing. Oh, he didn't mention that I ween Carrie Dear."

"Amati, my good fellow, would you care to come to my cottage next Thursday? We are going to have a little quiet music for a few friends," said the amateur composer of the Four Hundred who is now shedding his effulgence throughout Europe. "You had better bring your own accompanist too."

"Thank you, Mr. Birdling, I will," responded the virtuoso. New to the ways of California aristocracy, he imagined a hundred charming things. For a whole week the accompanist and he tortured their souls after perfection and succeeded in giving excellent renderings of severest classic and flunsiest modern morceaux. The appointed evening arrived, Amati and Compani were received at Bunker Birdling's mansion and shown into the music room. Birdling advanced and made a penurious offer of three fingers of a clammy paw and Mrs. B. arched her swan like throat quite *a la duchesse*. Amati began to feel he had struck something in the neighborhood of an iceberg and his rosy visions faded like stars, one by one. He tuned up the fiddle and the bow, and immediately responded to the host's request for something dainty, which was followed by several other dainties. The audience received these numbers with samothecian rigidity. Amati is a man of courage; he thought he would circulate in this congealed sphere. It was no use. These high-born dames merely showed him a profusion of white back whilst their attendant cavaillers thrummed madly on their chairs. Amati's haughty spirit could brook no more.

"Mr. Compani," called he, "I find we are not gentlemen here. We can at least be musicians. Gather up the fragments and let us to our chariot." Bowing themselves silently out, they departed, and Birdling next day received a bill for \$150 for the professional services of Amati and Compani. After many days he saw the folly of his ways, and the virtuoso and his adjutant divided a cheque for the full amount in equal shares.

The concert to be given by Madame De Sadowska-Peixotto at Irving Hall, on January 3d, will be a notable one. Henry Heyman, the musical director, has prepared a programme of exceptional merit. The great contralto will make her first appearance in California. She is one of Europe's most accomplished artistes, and has been warmly praised in the East. Madame De Sadowska-Peixotto will be assisted by Madame Thea. Sanderini, the celebrated soprano, who will also make her first appearance in California on this occasion. Henry Heyman will play a new violin solo, composed for him by Professor H. J. Stewart; it is a very beautiful composition, and will be a feature of the concert. Miss Charlotte Tomlinson, pianist, Mr. Thomas Rickard, basso, a string quartette, composed of Messrs. Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, Bernat Jaulus Rudolf Patek, and Professor H. J. Stewart will assist in making this concert a notable event.

Chauncey M. St. John wore a corsage bouquet, composed of six rosebuds, at the Charity ball last month.

J. K. Wilson, the new President of the Sather Banking Company, after devoting a life-time to school teaching, found his real vocation in banking. The success of the People's Home Savings, under his management, was phenomenal.

FASHIONS AND FRIVOLS.

DEAR WAVE:—Is not this marvellous weather. After all the "doleful dumps" of the last four weeks, I hoped to be able to now enjoy the charms of shopping, and it is very disagreeable not to be able to do it satisfactorily. The stores absolutely teem with all sorts of things, ornamental, beautiful and useful. How I long for the wherewithal to purchase what I want, but Conscience whispers, "No, buy what you can afford, and admire the good thing to be purchased by the more fortunate ones of this world."

I shall, however, first describe a few of the pretty dresses worn down town and at some of the delightful receptions held by our society ladies. A very pretty girl looked still more charming in a biscuit colored cloth of the softest texture in camel's hair. The front breadth, which opened at either side, was edged with brown wolverine fur, and braided in brown to match at the base, where the trimming is higher at the sides than in the middle. Round the sleeves a zouave bodice is simulated in braid. The collar and cuffs were in wolverine. I noticed that this dress only buttoned so far as the waist, whence the front diverged, as may be seen in old fashioned pictures. With this was worn a toque to match, and trimmed with the same fur.

A very pretty dress was of grey cloth with broad bands of black velvet. The front of the skirt was in wide folds of the cloth barred across diagonally just below the waist, with three bands of black velvet, coming from under a wide band of the same, which trimmed the side breadth on the left from the waist to the feet. The folds were themselves edged with velvet at the base. The bodice had a reverie of velvet from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist. Three diagonal bars of velvet came from under this reverie and crossed over small pleats of cloth which ran from the collar to the waist. Both collar and cuffs were in black velvet. At the back all was grey. A sweet little quaker-like bonnet was worn with this dress. One more dress attracted me, that looked so neat and smart that I cannot refrain from describing it. A geranium red cloth had the skirt draped in front and opening at the side over velvet of the same shade. The drapery was caught on the left hip in a very becoming way. All down the edge of the opening was a rich braiding of gold and geranium colored cord. The sleeves were very new and pretty, consisting of tight velvet undersleeves with plain cloth ones richly braided at the edge, falling over the top of the arms and crossing them in a diagonal line, shorter at the inner than on the outer side. The cloth fronts, braided at the edge, opened to show a velvet vest laced up from the waist to the very top of the high collar. The velvet portion of the sleeves laced down the back.

The rage for fur trimming is still as great as ever. The reason of its popularity is owing to its being the most becoming frame to the face. Tea gowns and robes *de chambre* claim their share of fur trimmings. In these contrasts are principally used, a dark fur forming a foil to a fine light woolen, or a light fur a relief to a dark color. The toilettes for winter festivities will be elaborate, and yet quite according to each individual taste; for example, one will wear a trained dress, another short walking length, a third a demi-trained; one of the latter I shall describe. The skirt is made of old pink satin, which is striped throughout with narrow blue satin ribbon brocaded with flowers in bright colors; the ribbons are not more than an inch and a quarter wide, and are placed at regular intervals, producing the effect of stripes. On the left the skirt opens on a blue satin panel embroidered with similar flowers to those in the ribbon, but of proportionately large size. The back and elbow sleeves of the bodice are of the embroidered satin, and the front of the pink striped with the ribbon of which the skirt is made. By the use of ribbons in this way the favorite effect is preserved.

Those choosing jewelry for gifts are shown most exquisite ornaments; some in American design with Indian decorations. Bracelets are simply perfect this year. So are rings; those in colored diamonds are the most fashionable. Ten or a dozen bangles are worn at once, no two alike, slender bands of silver or gold, smooth, twisted, in chains, or with enamelled tiny forget-me-nots or daisies. Gold or silver buckles are useful gifts, and a handkerchief holder, just out, has a clasp of gold that attaches the kerchief to the corsage and holds it safely. The ladies' pocket-books have now a card case attached. The fashionable leathers are kangaroo, elephant and lizard. Some pocket-books from the Paris Exposition have rosettes in gold and diamonds on the outside. Brownish tinted ivory, very delicately carved, rivals silver in many small articles for the library and toilet table, also some pretty trays for pins and hair pins.

By the by, dear WAVE, before I close I just want to tell you how exquisitely charming some of the hats are this year. One in cream felt with brim upturned and trimmed with feathers and velvet to match the felt was just adorable. Another in black was completely covered with black feathers, and the brim was in one of those becoming curves that add a charm to the plainest face. I saw a sweet little child in a white lambskin coat that looked as soft and fleecy as the little owner; another of Scotch cloth with pale blue stripes, and a third made also of lambskin was edged about the brief cape with ball fringe surmounted by cord.

Yours, VIOLET.

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CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT OF THE DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. V. No. 1.

San Francisco, California, January, 1890.

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A MODERN SAPPHO.

The years that have passed since the ink dried on this poem were plagues of time to the fair and frail writer. Each had its special curse; each revolution of the earth stole something that was dear to her; and the sum of all was insanity.

Memory holds in clear and sharp perspective events that have happened farther from the present than those that made the writer of the accompanying verses notorious. Already famous in San Francisco, report gave her name to other cities as that of one of the brightest women of her day. That so much literary ability and culture served as handmaiden to so vain and apparently frivolous a character was hard to believe. On nearly all subjects she wrote with power and intelligence; her verses beat with the rhythm and harmony of sweet music. But it was not as a literary character that she was best known. Her position in society was high. Her husband's wealth afforded her opportunities of indulging her taste for company, and gratification in this regard never seemed to tread on the heels of satiety. From her social engagements she stole the moments she devoted to literature, and it was possibly her apparent lack of time that caused some to doubt the authorship of the bright and elegant literature that bore her name.

This poem was written at a date when her fame was greatest; in the days between the time of the drawing away from her of the more scrupulous of her acquaintances and the general knowledge that made it necessary that she should leave the city.

Rumor had always whispered her name about, but common report at last took it up, and her reputation was gone. She went south—to New Orleans; then next summer to New York; then to Europe. It was eight years after her ignominious exit that she was recognized on the streets of this city by one for whom the flag on the Pioneer's Building lately fluttered at half-mast. The change was great. Sin and shame were plainly written on her face; her clothes set out her poverty and recklessness. The old-time acquaintance spoke to her, and gave her money; she offered all she had in return. It was refused, and she fled. In a Southern convent she found refuge, and there she spent a year; but the plague was on her, and in New Orleans she was seen again

amid the shameless ones. There the bright mind failed; the mentality that had aroused enthusiasm or moved to tears the readers of the past years, became dark, and three months ago the once brilliant and gay woman was consigned to an asylum. It was a sad ending of this life; if the future years bring with them knouts with which to lash, for the sins of the past, the bright ones, few of them will go unwhipped.

The verses were sent to THE WAVE a short time after the author had been committed to the asylum by one who had them from a friend of the writer, to whom they were addressed. They were not written for publication; they were the confideuses of one woman to another. Giving publicity to them now cannot injure the bright and unfortunate woman, of whom the foregoing has been written in sympathy and sorrow.—[EDS. WAVE.

DROWNED!

Give me the paper. "In the bay!
After a sumptuous, spoony day
* * * * *
Count Carlos pauses, plunges in."
I hear the busy tongues begin;
Fall to it, gossips, rouse the town.—
He, too, must play the fool, go drown.
These men care nothing what they do;
But it matters no jot to you,
Sweet sister. "Rich Will's" pretty wife
Must answer for the County's life.
Better the heart-starved shop-girl's way,
Stiff in her ribbons. "In the bay!"
Ugh! Drowning, sister, is not nice,
And beauty, sister, is a vice.
There be two truths: to make it three,
The town's dull eye will bulge at me.
The idiot town will gape and leer,
But he will see—my "Rich Will" dear—
Two silly meetings could not do
Such damage. Two—pardon, but two.
Of the last, a word to you I speak,
Then silence; let the rank vat leak.
The Count could turn a sentence well,
Had his three-volume tales to tell,
So there we dallied on the beach,
I fain to listen, he to—preach.
My part was now and then a word;
I simply sat, and—sometimes—heard:
Discourse as idle, dry, as mine is,
And now this most aquatic finis.

So soon the horrid hour is come;
Henceforth milady's mewed at home.
Tom with his coward's mid-night do e,
The Count's cold, mid-day plunge—these close
Together. Married but a year
Is married, twelve-months fast, my dear;
If not the model married woman.
I hope, sweet heavens! I still am human.

Poison is vulgar, vile enough,
But with this foil 'tis royal stuff:
Cheap, cold, salt water, and a Count!
How runs it? See the headlines mount,
Pile printers' horrors:

"IN THE BAY!"

After a sumptuous, spoony day
Of Cliff House mist and barking seals,
With Cupid at his titled heels,
He leaves last footprints in the sand,
Convinced he cannot longer stand,
Under the crushing weight of life
And love for 'Rich Will's' pretty wife,
Count Carlos pauses, plunges in.
Too bitter sweet. WHOSE IS THE SIN?"

"Rich Will?" Poor Will! Too bad—too bad.
Pray you, sister, look not so sad;
I bear it, though he cared for you,
And played with stupid me the two
Stale times. On me be all the blame.—
Were 't not for the sop of a pet name,
Were "Rich Will" but in body old,
His sycophants would be less bold;
The body broken, the spirit's out.
—For shame! What do I prate about?
Peace—peace. If I strike back, no blow
For him. Pluck at gray hairs! no—no.—
A drear word 'tis, a wet word—*drowned*;
There's misery in it's very sound.
And sister, dove of our dove-cote,
Drowned men have stubborn ways: they float,
Float, all alone, along the sea,
Float, too, face up, in memory.

—He comes. Sweet sister, help me. Take
A little blame for his poor sake;
Speak, sister, for sweet charity—
"Twixt us, still all the blame on me.
Dry your blue eyes, my gentle thing:
No, no, folly! You did not bring
It on me. Twice for "Rich Will's" Wife"
Is twice too many.

Scar me for life,
Dig in even to my sin—born fair.
Bring me my beads: To prayer—to prayer!
SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEL MONTE WAVE.

THE YEAR'S SOCIETY EVENTS.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

During the past year society in San Francisco has been bidden to many a "party, ball and rout," with weddings, dinners, and other festive occasions to vary the style of entertainment. California hospitality is proverbial. These entertainments succeeded each other with a rapidity that might have been expected to bring the languid pallor of fatigue even to the fair, flushed cheek of a debutante, and to wither ever so slightly the charms of a full-blown rose, were it not that our California maids and matrons possess a recuperative power that defies the forces that would assail their loveliness.

Several balls, whose success has now passed into history, were given during the year. On February 5th fully five hundred invited guests were present at the one given by Baron and Baroness von Schroder, at Odd Fellows' Hall, and they were entertained in a manner that was almost regal. Every possible detail of preparation had been carefully attended to, and the result must have been as gratifying to the host and hostess as it was pleasant to their guests. The decorations were profuse and elegant. At the south side was a dais, arranged as a boudoir, with Persian rugs and easy chairs, where the Baron and Baroness received their guests. When the spacious ball-room was filled the scene was exceedingly attractive, the bright-colored toilets of the ladies seeming like a setting of blossoms in the conservatory. Noah Brandt's orchestra of twenty pieces supplied the music for a score of dances, which prolonged the affair until a late hour. Mr. Edward M. Greenway acted as floor manager. A special feature of the evening was the supper, which was exceptionally elaborate. It was served at midnight in the large hall down-stairs, where there was seating accommodation for all.

Mrs. E. J. Coleman's ball on Tuesday evening, the 25th of February, was one of the notable events of the season. It was given at the Coleman residence, and numbered over two hundred and fifty guests. Miss Gwin and Miss Shorb of Los Angeles assisted Mrs. Coleman in receiving. From 9 to 3 o'clock the musicians played dance music, and the majority of the guests spent the evening in the amusement suggested by its enchanting strains.

On March 5th the Art Association of San Francisco gave its second annual Mardi Gras bal masque at the Grand Opera House, and afforded an evening of rare pleasure to about fifteen hundred people. It was a brilliant affair, wondrously bright and attractive, and brought the winter season of gayety to a most delightful end. The decorations were exceedingly elaborate and very beautiful, in fact more pretentious and attractive than anything of the kind ever attempted in this city. They were the result of the artistic taste of Mr. A. Joullin, Mr. John A. Stanton, and Mr. E. Pissis, who are entitled to much credit. King Monus was represented by Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Queen Monus by Mrs. P. I. Flinnigan, and Prince Carnival by Mr. Frank L. Unger.

Charity never called together a brighter, gayer throng than that which crowded the parlors of the Palace Hotel on the occasion of the second annual ball for the benefit of the Women's Exchange, on the 22d of November. Over five hundred people were present, and the scene, with decorations that were designed and placed by artistic genius, toilets, whose richness and elegance have hardly been equalled here, and a gathering of ladies whose beauty is unrivaled in all the world, was charming and enchanting.

Every detail of the arrangements was perfect, and the Women's Exchange is to be congratulated on its magnificent achievement in the interest of charity.

RECEPTIONS AND DANCING PARTIES.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre gave a delightful dancing party on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th of January. It was attended by about one hundred and forty guests, who, for the most part, were the friends of their daughter, Miss Mary Eyre. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George M. Pinkard, Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Miss Eyre. The choicest selections of dance music inspired the flying feet of the guests who danced till midnight, when supper was served, after which the festivities were again resumed until the hour for departure.

The spacious grounds surrounding the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, on Union street, presented a picturesque appearance on Wednesday evening, February 6th. The occasion was a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Pixley in honor of Mrs. Pixley's two nieces, Miss Topping and Miss Morrison, who were debutantes in society. Invited to meet them were over five hundred friends of the family.

A brilliant reception was given on the evening of Thursday, the 18th of February, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, at their residence, 1925 Octavia street, to celebrate a dual event—the first being their Silver Wedding anniversary, and the second the announcement of the engagement of their son, Mr. Harry Williams, to Miss Florence Caduc,

the daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Phillip Caduc. At ten o'clock dancing began, and held the floor from that time until midnight. As the sterner sex predominated, the ladies were overwhelmed with partners and were actively engaged in responding to the calls made for their programmes. When the grand march for supper was played, the guests sought the lower floor and were regaled with a sumptuous repast. The menu was elaborate, the service perfect. After more than an hour had been pleasantly spent in the dining hall, dancing was resumed and did not cease until an early hour in the morning. In every way the reception was an undoubted success, and the guests departed, regretting only that the hours had passed so quickly. On the 27th of the same month Mrs. S. M. Wilson entertained two hundred guests.

The next reception of note was given by Mr. and Mrs. David M. Bixler at their residence on Union street, which was attended by their many friends. This occasion will live long in the memory of the young folks, as it was on this evening that a would-be swell young man made his appearance in costume which had been taken up by the mental light-weights of Gotham society—a Cowes coat, and a broad silken scarf tied in a wide sash about his waist.

A large number of friends and acquaintances of the Hon. John F. Swift gathered on the evening of April 9th at the residence of the new Minister to Japan at 824 Valencia street. There the Second Regimental Band was stationed and enlivened the occasion with a few stirring selections.

In the middle of September a matinee reception was given in honor of Justice and Mrs. Steven J. Field by Mrs. J. H. Jewett at her residence 1100 Van Ness avenue.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hirt, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams, Colonel and Mrs. Sprague, General and Mrs. Guinness, Judge and Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. James S. Wethered, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. Lucien Herrmann, Mrs. P. E. Williams, Mrs. S. G. Wilder, Mrs. Rideout, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. George H. Roe, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Misses Condit-Smith, Miss Rideout, Miss Dora Boardman, Misses Wethered, Miss Wilder, Miss Taggart, Miss Brumagin, Miss Rice, Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Colonel E. A. Belcher, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, W. C. Belcher, Judge Curry, E. Burke Holladay, James Wilder and others.

April 30th witnessed three charming affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford gave a pleasant reception at their residence, 1620 Broadway, from four until six o'clock in the afternoon, in honor of Mme. Albani. Mme. Albani received with the host and hostess, and those who called were charmingly entertained.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hirt, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Cooper, Miss Sevance, Miss Thibault, Mr. Ernest Gye, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Colin Smith, and others.

The second was the reception given by Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies at their residence, 2111 California street. Their daughters, Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies, assisted them in receiving their guests, who were delightfully entertained.

The third: Dr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Younger, gave their first post-nuptial reception at their residence, 1414 California street. Mrs. J. N. Porter, of Sacramento, assisted them in receiving their guests, and the warm welcome was mingled with many sincere congratulations. The music was enticing, and but few could resist its influence, so dancing became general and was greatly enjoyed. A delicious supper was served at tête-à-tête tables before midnight. Mr. Walter C. Campbell favored the assemblage with two beautiful songs, "The Bedouin Love Song" and "Eventide," which he executed in a faultless manner. A few more dances were then in order, and it was fully two o'clock before the delighted guests departed.

On Friday evening, the 12th of January, an informal reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, it being the thirty-seventh anniversary of their wedding day. Among the friends who were present was Mrs. William Burling, whose bridesmaid Mrs. Pixley was years ago.

A golden wedding, the anniversary of fifty years of marital union, is a rare event, and its celebration is always attended by pleasant incidents that make it memorable alike to the celebrants, their descendants and their friends. Such an affair took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hirt, 1920 Jackson street, on the 20th of August.

AT THE PRESIDIO.

Fashionable society was given an opportunity to meet General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and their charming daughter, Wednesday afternoon, January 16th, at a reception given at the Presidio. The officers of the post had charge of the arrangements, all of which were admirably planned and perfectly carried out. All the civic "Four Hundred" were there, and mingling with the upper ten of the army and navy, formed an assemblage representative of the best society of the Pacific Coast.

The reception took place in the general assembly room—which with the use of many flags, garlands of evergreens, and the fanciful arrangement of highly polished sabres about the walls, was transformed from a barren apartment into a

very attractive reception room. The National colors were everywhere, and together with the blue banners on which were inscribed the names of General Miles' victories, formed an effective and an appropriate back ground for the platform on which stood the General and his wife. They were assisted in receiving their hundreds of guests, by Miss Miles, Mrs. General Graham, Mrs. Major Rodgers, Mrs. Major McGregor, Mrs. Major Sanger, Mrs. Dr. Fisher, Mrs. Lieutenant Patterson, and Mrs. Lieutenant Hunter, the wives of the officers of the post. Across the room was the wide, open fire place filled with a great gatling gun, which was flanked on either side with a brass mortar.

Fort Mason had never appeared more attractive than it did at the end of November, when Mrs. Nelson A. Miles held a matinee reception, which was attended by nearly four hundred of her friends. The hours of the reception were from four to seven, and as the guests arrived they were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Miles, who was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Sherman; her daughter, Miss Cecilia Miles; and by Mrs. William H. Curtis, Miss Dimond, and Miss Baldwin. Ornamenting the walls of the reception room and the entrance were the regimental and National colors, artistically draped. Light refreshment and iced punches were served, and concert selections were played during the reception by the Presidio band. It was a lovely autumnal day, and the affair was in every way a decided success.

During the season some delightful hops have been given at the Presidio, which have been thoroughly enjoyed by the attendants. But the ire of the officers was aroused recently by the ill-advised and discourteous attempts of certain young and decidedly "Irish" civilians to "run" the hop to suit themselves, persistently demanding encores for nearly every dance, much to the disgust of the daucers, and the anger of the musicians. It is said that these who succeeded in making themselves so obnoxious will not be asked again.

CLUB PARTIES.

On the 15th of January, the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave a delightful "pink and white" German.

The German Club following after, gave "An Army and Navy Cotillion," in the early part of the season.

The Cricket Club is a new dancing club, managed by a committee of seven married ladies, the only matrons of the club, all of whom have agreed to give a party at their respective residences.

Mrs. James Carolan gave the initial one of the series, on Wednesday evening, November 27th, and Mrs. J. R. Jarboe was the next in order, on December 4th.

The winter season in society was practically opened on Friday evening Nov. 15th, when the members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their first German of the season. B'nai B'rith Hall was, as of yore, the scene of the ball, and it was decorated in a particularly attractive manner, the pretty tints of light colored draperies combining most harmoniously. Noah Brandt's orchestra occupied the stage, and introduced some taking music. Soon after nine o'clock the German commenced. Mr. Edward M. Greenway led, with Miss Kittle as his partner, and the other participants in the first set were: Mr. Walter E. Dean, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. George A. Newhall, Miss Mary E. Pope, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Miss Edith Taylor, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Miss Jennie Blair, Lieutenant M. P. Maus, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Corbitt, M. Elliot McAllister, M. Ss Newlands, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Fred Moody, and Miss Nellie Corbitt.

The second of the Cotillion Club's germans on Friday night the 6th inst., at B'nai B'rith Hall, was one of the pleasantest events of December. The members assembled in full ranks, the music was good, and the dresses of the ladies most becoming. The german was led by Lieut. Towers, who had Miss Kate Jarboe for his partner, and the figures were military in character, following the grand right and left, which opened the ball, coming dividing lines, company drill, and the skirmish. The supper, which was served at twelve, was an excellent one, and, according to the old rule of the club, which were broken at their last meeting, there was no dancing afterwards.

DINNER PARTIES.

The 17th of January was the occasion of an elaborate dinner party, given by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggan, at their residence on Taylor street.

General John T. Cutting and his staff of the Second Brigade, N. G. C., gave a complimentary dinner to General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, January 19th. The decorations were elaborate and of military character, and the repast was sumptuous. During its progress appropriate music was discourse by Brandt's orchestra.

Among the officers of the Brigade staff present, were: General John T. Cutting, Lieutenant-Colonel McAllister, Major Koster, Major A. D. Cutler, Major Frank McLennan, Major Chester Cutter, Major James D. Phelan, Major J. N. E. Wilson, Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Major Denicke, Major Cluff, Major Sheldon L. Kellogg, Captain Stanley and Captain Edwards. The guests were: General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.; Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Gatewood, U. S. A.; Major-General W. H. Dimond, N. G. C., and Hon. George T. Bromley.

DEL MONTE WAVE.

Miss Flora Low gave a charming dinner party Thursday evening, the 24th of January, at her residence on Gough street, covers being laid for twelve at a beautifully appointed table. The rich service of silver and crystal surrounded a centerpiece of Perle du Jardin roses, mingled with acacia and handsomely variegated coleus leaves. The menu was bounteous, and the repast was made the occasion of much enjoyment.

Those present were: Miss Flora Low, Mrs. J. Hersey Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Mary Eyre, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Casserly, Mr. Marvin, Mr. Hudson Heaven and Mr. F. F. Low.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a dinner party on Thursday evening, the last day of January, at their residence, 2002 Jackson street. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Slovovich, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Scott, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Shepherd, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, H. E. Carolan, George A. Newhall, and C. Froelich, Jr.

Another charming dinner party was given in the latter part of January, the host and hostess being Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford. Those entertained on this occasion at the Rutherford mansion, 1105 Bush street, were: Miss Virginia Hatchette, Miss Etta Birdsall, Miss Tessie Fair, Miss Upon, Miss Boalt, Mr. Ed Greenway, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Osgood Hooker, Edgar Mizner and F. J. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave an enjoyable dinner party on Thursday, February 14th, at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth street, in honor of Miss Yerington, of Carson City.

On March 28th Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson gave a delightful pink and white dinner party at their residence, to several friends of their daughter, Miss Sallie Stetson.

On the same date Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave an elaborate dinner party at their residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Houser, of St. Louis. The other guests at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood, Miss M. Williams, Miss Belle Cohn, Mr. Frank L. Unger and Mr. Wendell Easton.

On the evening of the 6th of May Mr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall gave an excellent dinner party at their residence, 1121 Laguna street, in honor of Mme. Albani, and her husband, Mr. Ernest Gye. The table was set for twelve, the others being present were General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Colonel E. A. Belcher, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, and the Misses Bucknall. A reception followed, which was rendered delightful by vocal selections by Mme. Julie Rosewald and Colonel S. D. Mayer. Professor Rosewald played a violin solo, Miss Ada E. Weigel executed a difficult composition on the piano, and Mrs. Frances Edgerton recited "Lasca."

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained a party of ten friends at dinner during the latter part of May. Choice flowers adorned the table and a sumptuous menu was enjoyed.

In honor of Lieutenant J. W. Carlin of the "Vandalia," of Samoan Island fame, a banquet was given at the Bohemian Club on the 5th of June. Peter Robertson, the President of the club, presided, the guest of the evening sitting at his right hand, and General Nelson A. Miles at his left. Besides Lieutenant Carlin and General Miles, there were present as guests of the club, Commander E. F. Woodward, Lieutenants J. C. Wilson, E. F. Qualtrough, J. C. Burnett, Hon. Frank McCoppin, and Hon. W. W. Morrow. This will long be remembered by the journalistic fraternity as "the dress-coat affair."

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, who always entertains in superb style, gave a delightful dinner party at her residence on the 20th of June.

The first dinner party of June was given by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs at their residence, Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, nee Gibbs, who had just returned from their bridal tour.

Those at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, Miss Sophie Gibbs, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Mattie McCormick, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Herter E. Carolan, John N. Featherston, E. Burke Holladay and Samuel Tevis.

Thursday evening, the 5th of September, witnessed a particularly happy affair at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad. It was a dinner spread to entertain twenty-two of their friends. The decorations were entirely of La France roses. Concert music was rendered during the progress of the dinner. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Miss Ella Goad, Mrs. Condit-Smith, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Maynard, Miss Tompkins, Miss Newlands, Miss Hager, Frank J. Carolan, E. M. Greenway, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Henry Redington, Edward H. Sheldon, Allan St. John Bowie, Horace G. Platt, and A. H. Small.

Mrs. Christian Reis gave a dinner on Thursday evening, the 12th of September, to Miss Belle Brooks and John Reis. Besides the host and hostess there were seated Miss Brooks, Miss Belle Brooks, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ryland, John Reis, George Marye, Allan St. John Bowie, Chris and Fred Reis Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker entertained a few friends delightfully at dinner Thursday evening September 26th, at their home, 1882 Washington street.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Colonel and Mrs. William H. Shafer, U. S. A., of Angel

Island, their daughter, Mrs. McKittrick, Colonel and Mrs. Langdon, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, and Mr. Wakefield Baker.

On the same date Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander were the guests of honor at an elegant dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave at their residence, Thursday evening, as a compliment to them. There were eighteen in all seated at the beautifully appointed dinner-table.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Maynard, Miss Einie Hager, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, and Colonel C. Fred Crocker.

On October 9th Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker again gave an elegant dinner party, this time entertaining sixteen friends.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mr. William T. Coleman, and Mr. W. E. Brown.

On the same date Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a sumptuous dinner party at their California-street residence, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon.

On October 22nd William Macondray was the host of an elaborate dinner at the Cosmos club, given in honor of Dr. John H. Lockhead of Hongkong. The others at the table were: General George D. Ruggles, U. S. A.; Captain H. G. More, Lieutenant-Commander F. P. Gilmore, U. S. N.; Lieutenant J. A. Runcie, U. S. A.; C. P. Farnfield, and E. J. Cahill.

A Japanese musical dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg at their home, 431 Bartlett street. Ten friends were invited to enjoy their hospitality, and the affair proved as enjoyable as it was novel.

They each received an ivory-bound, gilt-edged volume of poetry appropriately lettered. The repast was perfect in its details, and was enjoyed to the accompaniment of music from a string band, which played inimitable Chinese music when the guests arose from the table. Afterward there was dancing in the parlors until midnight, when the delightful affair ended.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford gave an elegant dinner party on Tuesday evening, October 22nd at their residence on California street, at which there were present the Committee of the United States Senate on Subsidized Railroads, with the members of their families and the friends they have met since their arrival here.

The 30th of October was the date of several dinner parties. Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Peirin entertained Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Gilroy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Julia Bissell, Miss Theresa Bissell, Miss M. Brooks, Miss Perrin, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Deane, Miss Sherwood, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Webster, at an elegant affair.

Judge and Mrs. Hager spread their hospitable board in compliment to Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs of Los Angeles. Those invited to meet the honored guests were: Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Carolan, Miss Hager, Miss C. L. Ashe, W. S. Jones, Lieutenant R. H. Noble, A. H. Small, Frank Carolan, Arthur Lee and W. S. Hicks.

Mrs. Mariner Campbell observed her husband's birthday by a dinner party on the 30th of October.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. W. H. Tevis, and Mrs. Voiney Spalding were among those who gave dinner parties during November.

LUNCHEONS.

The first lunch party of the year was the one given by Mrs. L. L. Baker, who, as the records will show, is prodigal of her entertainments of this nature.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was the next to give a lunch party. It was held at her residence, 1759 Franklin street, on the last day of February. Among those present were: Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, and Mrs. J. W. Brown.

Mr. Henry Hastings of Boston also gave a pleasant lunch party at the Palace Hotel early in February. The rain interfered with a sail on the bay he had contemplated giving, and this luncheon took its place. Hand-some floral decorations and an elaborate menu were the features of the affair. His guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Florene Reed, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Fair, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Einie Hager, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Webster Jones, Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. Osgood Chase.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field was the honored guest at a delightful lunch party given by Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, at her residence, 1450 Sacramento street, on August 29th. Those present were: Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Jr., Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs. R. Y. Hayne,

Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Thomas Holt, and Miss Carrie Gwin.

Another lunch party in honor of the same lady was given in September by Mrs. W. Frank Goad. Those present were: Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Thomas Holt, Mrs. W. W. Connor of New Orleans, Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mrs. Pierre la Montaigne, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Samuel Holt, Mrs. William Alford, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. J. William Brown, Mrs. E. C. Marshall, Mrs. R. C. Harrison, Mrs. A. J. Perry, and Miss Carrie Gwin.

On September 10th Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson gave a charming lunch party at her residence on Pine street, as a compliment to Mrs. Stephen J. Field. Those present were: Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Field, Mrs. J. M. Condit-Smith, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Scott Wilson, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Henry Schmidell, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Mrs. William Ashburner and Mrs. George C. Boardman.

On the 26th of September, both Mrs. Will Tevis and Miss Tessie Fair gave lunch parties.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, at her residence, 1311 Hyde street, was in honor of Mrs. Fred W. Sharon. Covers were laid for eight.

Those present were: Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. William B. Collier, and Miss Thibault.

Miss Fair's, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine street, was a young lady's lunch party.

Those present were: Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Marie Voorhees, Miss Kate Voorhees, and Miss Nellie Joliffe.

Early in October Miss Eleanor Dimond gave a delightful lunch party, at her home, in Menlo Park. She met her guests at the station with a buckboard, and took them first for a drive around the neighborhood. After arriving at the residence an elaborate luncheon was served at one o'clock, and the young ladies passed a couple of hours very pleasantly at the table, returning to the city on a late train.

Those present were: Mrs. Edward Dimond, Mrs. McKittrick, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Josephine Perry, Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Emilie Hager, and Miss Lockwood of New York.

TEAS.

On the 19th day of January Mrs. E. W. Hopkins gave her first large entertainment in her new and beautiful residence, on the corner of California and Laguna streets. It was a high tea, to which nearly six hundred of her friends were invited, and the preparations were of an elaborate character. The amiable hostess, attired in a rich and becoming costume, received her many guests, assisted ably by Miss Hopkins, Miss Scott, Miss Fitch, and Miss Duton. Concert selections were rendered by a band of stringed instruments, and a few of the younger guests who remained during the evening, enjoyed several dances.

A delightful high tea was given by the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker, at their residence, 917 Bush street, on Saturday afternoon, February 2d.

Amid charming surroundings the hostess entertained their many guests, and, in receiving them, they were ably assisted by Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Nellie Corbett, and Miss Einie Hager. The usual pleasures of matinee teas were enjoyed, the music being declared excellent and the refreshments delicious. The affair ended at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. L. L. Baker pleasantly entertained several hundred of her friends on Saturday afternoon, February 16th, at a high tea, which she gave at her residence, 1882 Washington street.

Mrs. J. William Brown gave a delightful high tea at her residence, 920 Pine street, on Saturday afternoon, February 9th. It was attended by several hundred of her friends, all of whom were pleasantly entertained in the handsomely decorated parlors. A band played concert selections throughout the hours of the reception, and delicious refreshments were served. Mrs. Brown was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Captain Cook of Mare Island, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Nellie Corbett, and Miss Minnie Corbett. The tea proper ended at seven o'clock, but quite a number of friends called in the evening, when an informal musicalie was improvised, and several hours were enjoyably devoted to its pleasures.

On the 23d of February, Mrs. H. L. Dodge and Mrs. James Carolan gave teas. Mrs. Dodge was assisted in receiving by her niece, Mrs. C. J. Bailey, and by Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. W. Tubbs, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. Corbett, Miss McKinstry, and Miss Hager.

Mrs. Carolan was assisted by her daughter, Miss Evelyn, the Misses Hooker, Miss Taylor, Miss Corbett, Miss Hager, Miss Goad, Miss Cheseman, Miss Boardman, and Miss Eyre.

DEL MONTE WAVE.

Three teas fell upon March 2d.

At her residence, 1436 Clay street, Mrs. John D. Tallant entertained two hundred guests. The hostess was assisted in receiving them by her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright. In the enjoyment of conversation, varied by musical selections and the service of light refreshments, the hours of the afternoon were passed quickly and pleasantly.

One of the most successful teas, in a season that has been prolific of teas, was given by Mrs. Homer S. King the same date, at her residence on the corner of Leavenworth and Pine streets. Men do not, as a rule, like to go to these entertainments, but nearly all those invited to Mrs. King's tea found time between the hours of three and seven to come and greet the hostess and her sister, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, and the bevy of pretty girls who assisted them in receiving.

The parlors of Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft's residence on Van Ness avenue were picturesquely Japanese in appearance on Saturday afternoon, March 2d, when she gave a high tea in Japanese style. Brie-a-brac, fancy screens, musical instruments and other articles from the Mikado's realm were arranged artistically throughout the rooms, which were lighted by means of fancifully colored Japanese lanterns set around the rims of fantastic umbrellas, which hung between doorways and over the buffet. Mrs. Bancroft was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Webster Jones and by Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Ana Hobbs and Miss Sharp the latter trio being attired becomingly in handsomely brocaded kimonos. A couple of hundred guests were charmingly entertained during the afternoon, and enjoyed the bountiful hospitality of the hostess.

An elaborate matinee tea was given September 23rd by Mrs. Peter Donohue, at her residence, corner of Bryant and Second streets. Her friends (to the number of over five hundred) were invited, the major portion responding in person and being delightfully entertained. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Edward Martin; her daughter, Baroness von Schroeder; her niece, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. M. A. Healy.

Also, in September, Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney gave a most delightful high tea at her residence, 1213 Jones street, as a compliment to Mrs. Robert Mack, of Amsterdam, who will be remembered as Miss Lohmann, of Oakland. Mrs. Mack assisted the hostess in receiving, and several of her friends presided over the service of delicious refreshments in the dining-room, among them being Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck, Mrs. J. M. Vermehr, the Misses Boruck, Miss McNeil, Miss Kenfield, Miss Lohmann and Miss Vermehr. The reception was from three until six o'clock, and during that time nearly two hundred guests called, all of whom were agreeably entertained.

Mrs. Kittle's tea on Saturday afternoon was very largely attended, when her beautiful new home on Pacific avenue was thrown open to her friends for the first time. The decorations, though not profuse, were very pretty, and in good taste, and during the afternoon a choice selection of music was rendered, and light refreshments was served from the buffet. A few of the younger visitors remained for a dance or two after the business of the day was ended; but on the whole, they all felt too thoroughly tired after their week's dissipation to prolong it till a late hour.

SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

On the 15th of January Miss Ella Goad gave an entertainment at which Mrs. Burnett's society play, "Esmeralda," was performed by society amateurs, to the great delight of the assembled guests. The cast embraced Miss Corbitt, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Miss N. Corbett, Miss Goad, Hugh Tevis, Mr. J. D. Sturgis, A. C. Smith, Perry Eyre, Mr. R. C. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison entertained about eighty friends, on the 20th of March, at their residence, on Pine street, vocal and instrumental music being the principal features of the evening. Those who contributed were Mrs. J. H. Boalt, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Miss Withrow, Miss Jessie Gregg, Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., and Mr. Henry Heyman.

In September, Mrs. Frances Edgerton gave a delightful literary and song recital in honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Homer S. King, 1001 Leavenworth street. The prettily decorated parlors were filled with guests at 4 o'clock, when an excellent programme was commenced for their entertainment:

Each selection was artistically given as the participants seemed to be just in the proper vein to display their talents to the best advantage. The time was quickly past in this delightful manner and the pleasant affair ended about 7 o'clock. Mrs. Edgerton was assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. D. Fry, Miss McClure and Miss Bishop.

Among those present were Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. S. J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Misses Dora and Alice Condit-Smith, Joseph M. Quay, Lieutenant-Commander Gilmor, Mrs. Dutton, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. Frances Davies, Miss Davies, Mrs. John Burnett, Mrs. D. Nesfield, Miss Caduc, Miss Burke, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Miss McClure, Miss Bishop, Mrs. A. N. Town, Mme. Meffatt, Mrs. James Nicelle, Mrs. J. C. Hall, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Dr. Stone, Mrs. Charles Stone, Mrs. L. A. Booth, Miss Booth, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Crafts, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mayor and Mrs. Pond, Miss McNeil and others.

Mrs. J. W. Brown, of Pine street, has given several delightful informal musicals during the year.

Progressive Angling has claimed some attention. Among

those who thus entertained their guests may be mentioned Miss Faunie Crocker, Mrs. Theller, and Miss Nellie Smedburg.

During the summer months society at the fashionable resorts entered upon a round of hops, tennis tournaments, picnics and yachting parties. San Rafael was particularly gay and at the hotel Rafael everything was done to add to the social pleasure of the guests.

On Thursday, June 6th, a delightful picnic was given at San Rafael by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn to about fifty of their friends. The arrangements were most complete, and the affair extremely pleasant. The gentlemen were all attired in tennis flannels, blazers, and brilliant caps, and did not accentuate, as is customary, the ladies' costumes by the ordinary sombre masculine garb. The principal programme of the day was pigeon-shooting, and among the shots were Mr. Austin Tubbs, Mr. J. H. Hammond, Mr. D. B. Gillette, Mr. R. P. Hanmond, Jr., Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. John Adams, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Edwin Griffiths, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. W. D. Bourn, and others. The winner of the prize was Mr. John Adams.

Among the ladies a "shoot" was organized, the winner being Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue. Some most unique and handsome programmes were furnished for score-cards; on the title-page was Cupid as an archer, shooting at pigeons; on the back, were the pigeons, falling through the air. An elaborate luncheon was served, and the affair as a whole was a brilliant one.

THE SPRECKELS SAILING-PARTY.

One of the most delightful excursions which has ever taken place on the bay was given in June by Mr. C. A. Spreckels, who invited thirteen of his friends to accompany him and Mrs. Spreckels on a sail around the bay. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning the guests were all assembled on the steaming *Relief*, which soon plowed its way through the waves in the direction of Angel Island. From that point the tug steamed through Carquinez Straits, and a landing was made at Benicia. A delicious luncheon was served on the vessel, and a band of musicians blended their melody with the rippling of the waves. From Benicia the tug went to Point Tiburon, where a special train awaited the party and conveyed them to San Rafael. They were driven to the residence of Mr. Spreckels, where an elegant dinner was enjoyed by the jolly voyagers. Afterward they returned to the tug, and had a moonlight sail around the bay, landing at the wharf about ten o'clock. Mr. Spreckels spared no trouble nor expense to make the affair thoroughly pleasant and succeeded perfectly.

Those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Walter L. Deau, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. A. H. Small.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, in June, gave the use of her elegant residence and spacious grounds at Fruitvale to the members of the Eothen Club, of Oakland, who gave a garden-party there as a compliment to their president, Mrs. Frank M. Smith, whose recent return from a prolonged Eastern trip has been a matter of much congratulation to them.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. Windsor Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Commander and Mrs. H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., Captain and Mrs. C. L. Hooper, U. S. N., Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Henry Hinckley, Mrs. Peter Sather, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Ella Wall, Miss Etta Chabot, Miss Lena Brigham, Miss Maude Younger, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Orestes Pierce, Mt. S. B. McKee, Mr. Robert M. Montague, Mr. Chauncy M. St. John, Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. W. A. Powning, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Samuel Shortridge, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Alexander Cummings, Mr. Ferd C. Peterson, and many others.

Mrs. Mervyn Donahue also gave a delightful moonlight sail during the summer.

Among other open-air entertainments was a fete champêtre, at the handsomely arranged grounds surrounding "Meadowlands," the San Rafael residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, on October 12th. A concert was given there in aid of the new College San Rafael, which is managed by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Our leading society ladies took much interest in the match game of base-ball played at the Haight-street grounds, between the picked nine from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club.

WEDDINGS.

The first notable wedding of the year was when Mr. Henry J. Crocker, of the firm of H. S. Crocker & Co., was married to Miss Mary V. Ives, on Wednesday evening April 3d, at the First Congregational Church. The wedding was followed by a reception, from nine until eleven o'clock. The bridesmaids were Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Flora Carroll,

Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss McLaine. Mr. Charles H. Crocker acted as best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. T. T. Dargie and Mr. John Scott. Mr. Crocker and bride enjoyed a honeymoon trip to Europe.

It was followed on Easter Monday, the 22nd of April, with the wedding of Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Virginia Edgerton, which occurred at noon at Grace Church. The invitations to the wedding were all verbal, and about two hundred friends were assembled in the church to witness it.

Miss Anna Marie Lathrop, of this city, and Mr. David Hewes, of Oakland, were united in marriage in May, at the residence of Senator Leland Stanford on California street in the presence of about twenty-five relatives and intimate friends. Senator Stanford placed his private car at their disposal for their Eastern trip.

Among those at the wedding were: Senator Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford and Miss Stanford, of Oakland, Rev. and Mrs. Abbott, of Oakland; Rev. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mr. Charles Lathrop, Mr. Henry Lathrop, and a few other relatives.

On the 27 of June, William M. Tevis and Miss Mabel Pacheco were married in Grace Church, the ushers were: Carter Tevis, Samuel Tevis, E. M. Greenway, Frank Carolan, G. Vernon Gray, Perry P. Eyre.

The maid of honor was Miss Tessie Fair.

Other weddings which took place during the year were the Hamilton-Shafer wedding, February 5th; Ray-Moulton February 15th; Moseley-Grow, February 25th; De Ruyter-Van Ness, May 6th; Hoburg-Gibbs, May 29th; Woods-Peters, April 23; Rountree-Conners, April 26th; Jackson-Nightingale, September 25th; Williams-Caduc, November 20th.

Among the most notable marriages of the year was that of Mr. Robert Sherwood, to Miss Mamie Blethen, and in spite of the inclemency of the weather, the Grace Church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The decorations which were confined to the chancel, were elaborate and beautiful, consisting mainly of chrysanthemums and ferns. Ferns were placed on either side of the chancel in great profusion. Large pillars of the same flowers, surmounted by a beautiful arrangement of smilax, formed a sort of archway in front of the alter, beneath which the ceremony was performed. The musical selections were chiefly operatic, and then a brief hush, broken by the notes of the Lohengrin Chorus when the bridal *cortege* entered from the doorway to the left of the vestibule. Messrs. Beaver, Moulder, Matthieu and Jacobs, the four ushers, led the procession, followed by four pretty bridesmaids, the Misses Voorhees, Buckbee, McCormick and Blair, all dressed alike, in Nile-green gauze; the maid-of-honor, Miss Wilbur, in white, and finally the handsome, stately-looking bride, leaning upon the arm of her uncle Mr. Chalmers, who gave her away. The bridal robe was of white corded silk, with a court train of white brocaded satin, and a long veil of silk moeline; a star of diamonds, the gift of the groom, was a conspicuous feature of the bride wreath. The groom and his best man, Mr. Frank Madison, met the party at the alter, where the Rev. Dr. Fout performed the ceremony, during which service Mr. Henry Heyman played with much feeling and artistic effect, "Call Me Thine Own," on the violin. The reception, which was confined to the immediate friends and relatives of both parties, was held at the residence of the bride's grandmother, on Sacramento street. The newly-married pair received the warm congratulations of their friends, standing under a sort of bower formed of bamboo poles, trimmed with ferns and draped with red tulle. The bride and groom departed amid a shower of rice, as well as rain, and the next day left for the Southern counties, and are spending the honeymoon at Coronado beach. The presents were numerous and valuable.—Compiled by DORA CAREW.

Mr. Silverspoon—Ah, my dear Miss Sharpe, you are so humorous, I almost feel like—ah—saying something funny—ah—myself.

Miss Sharpe—Indeed; you might try.

Mr. Silverspoon—Well, I—ah—cawn't think of anything weare funny now, but I—ah—know wits is contagious.

Miss Sharpe—Oh, I think you must have been vaccinated.

"Ah, doctor, my friend Lightpurse should be very grateful to you for your untiring zeal in behalf of his uncle."

"His uncle, Mr. Holdriches, died this morning."

"Indeed? Then, doctor, he should be doubly grateful."

THE DEL MONTE WAVE is for sale in all the book stores of San Francisco, on the trains on the Coast Divisions, and is on all the trans-Pacific steamers, and in the principal hotels of this country, New Zealand, and Australia.



Home Society Belles.

ON THE WAY.

Every place in the carriage was taken when we left Cannes and soon were all talking together. When we passed Tarascon someone said, "This is the place where those recent murders were committed," and we began to speak of the mysterious and unknown murderer, who, from time to time during the past two years, had taken the life of some traveler. Everyone had their suppositions, everyone gave their ideas. The women, shudderingly regarding the sombre night beyond the window panes, feared to see the head of a man suddenly appear at the carriage door. And then we began to recount histories of horrible rencontres, encounters with maniacs in narrow passages, hours passed in the society of suspected persons.

Each man knew some anecdote in his own honor, each had, under the most surprising circumstances, with astonishing presence of mind and admirable audacity, intimidated, knocked down and pinioned some malefactor. A doctor, who passed every winter in the South, wished, in his turn, to tell an adventure:—

"I have never had the chance," said he, "to show off my courage in an affair of this sort, but I knew a woman, a patient of mine, since dead, who was the heroine of one of the most singular adventures, at once mysterious and pathetic.

"She was a Russian—the Countess Marie Baranow—a great lady of exquisite beauty. You know the style of a Russian woman's beauty and how lovely she seems to us with her fine nose, her delicate mouth, her eyes, set close together and of an indefinable blue-grey, and her cold grace which approaches stiffness. There is something about them at once wayward and seductive, haughty and sweet, tender and severe, irresistibly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom it is perhaps only the difference of race and of type which makes us see so much in them.

"For some years her doctor had seen that she was threatened with a delicacy of the lungs and had tried to induce her to come to the south of France; but she obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. At length last autumn, judging her lost, the doctor warned her husband who immediately ordered his wife to leave for Mentone.

"She took the train, remaining alone in her carriage, her servants occupying another compartment. A little sad she leaned against the doorframe watching the towns and villages pass by and feeling herself entirely isolated, abandoned in life, without children, almost without relations, with a husband whose love for her was dead and who, not caring to accompany her, sent her thus to the ends of the earth as one sends a sick valet to the hospital.

"At each station her servant Ivan came to see if his mistress needed anything. He was an old domestic, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order which she might give him.

"Night fell, the train rushed on at full speed. Nervous and unstrung she could not sleep. Then the thought occurred to her to count the money which, at the last moment, her husband had given her in French gold. She opened her little bag and turned out on her lap the glittering flood of metal.

"Suddenly a breath of cold air passed across her face. Surprised she lifted her head. The carriage door had swung silently open. In terror the Countess Marie threw a shawl over the money in her lap and waited. Some seconds passed, then a man in evening dress, panting, bare-headed, wounded in the hand, appeared in the aperture. He closed the door,

sat down, glanced at his neighbor with gleaming eyes, and proceeded to wrap his wounded hand, from which the blood was trickling, in his handkerchief.

"The young woman felt herself growing faint with fright. This man had seen her count her money and had come to rob and murder her.

"He continued to stare fixedly at her, still panting and with his face contracted, without doubt ready to spring upon her.

"Without moving his glance he said brusquely:

"There is no need to be alarmed, madame."

"She could answer nothing, but sat speechless, hearing her heart beat and her ears ring.

"He repeated:

"I am not a criminal, madame."

"She still said nothing, but with a sudden, sharp movement she drew herself together, and the gold on her lap began to slip to the floor as water slips from a leaden spout.

"The man, surprised, regarded this stream of metal, then bent down to gather it up.

"In uncontrollable terror she sprang to her feet, scattering her money on the floor, and rushed to the carriage door to throw herself on the track. But he, realizing her intention, seized her in his arms, forced her back into her seat, and holding her by the wrists, said:

"Listen to me. I am not a criminal, and to prove it I am going to pick up this money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to cross the frontier. I can tell you no more. In an hour we will be at the last Russian station. In an hour and twenty minutes we will have passed the limit of the Empire. Unless you will help me I am lost, and notwithstanding, madame, I have neither killed, robbed, nor done anything contrary to honor. This I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

"And going down on his knees he gathered up the gold from under the seats, hunting for the last pieces which had rolled farther away. Then, when the little bag was again full, he returned it to his neighbor without uttering a word, and, turning away, seated himself in the far corner of the carriage.

"Neither one nor the other moved again. She remained motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but gradually growing calmer. As for him he made neither movement nor gesture, but sat upright, staring before him, and pale as the dead. From time to time she stole a furtive glance at him—as quickly turned away. He was a man in the neighborhood of thirty, very handsome, and with all the appearances of a gentleman.

"The train rushed on into the darkness, piercing the night with its shrill cries, now and then lessening its pace, then thundering onward again. But suddenly it began to slacken its speed, whistled several times, then stopped entirely.

"Ivan appeared at the door ready to take his orders.

"The Countess Marie glanced once more at her strange companion, then in a voice, tremulous but distinct, she said to her servant:

"Ivan, you can return to the Count. I have no more need of you."

"The man, stupefied, stared at her and stammered:

"But, Countess—"

"She repeated:

"No—you are not to come further. I have changed my mind. I wish you to remain in Russia. Wait—here is money for your return. Give me your cap and cloak."

"The old man, accustomed to obeying without question the sudden wishes and irresistible caprices of his masters, took off his cap and

mantle and handed them to her. When he turned away there were tears in his eyes.

"The train started again, rushing onward toward the frontier.

"The Countess Marie said to her neighbor:

"These things are for you. You are Ivan, my servant. I only impose one condition, and that is that you never speak to me—that you will not address a word to me, neither to thank me, nor to question me."

"The unknown bowed without pronouncing a word.

"Presently they again stopped, and this time the uniformed functionaries passed through the train. The Countess gave them the passports and, indicating the man in the corner of her carriage, said:

"That is my servant, Ivan, whose passport you have there."

"The train started once more.

"During the night they sat opposite each other in unbroken silence.

"Their first halt in the morning was at a German station. The unknown descended, then, standing in front of the carriage door, he said:

"Pardon me, madame, if I break my promise; but having deprived you of your servant it is only fair that I should replace him. Have you need of anything?"

"She replied coldly:

"Go and look for my waiting woman."

"He found the woman, then disappeared.

"Later in the day the Countess, who had alighted for a meal, saw him at some distance standing apart and looking at her. They reached Mentone."

II.

The doctor was silent for a space, then resumed:—

"One day, while receiving my patients in my office, a tall young man entered and said to me:

"Doctor, I come to ask tidings of the Countess Marie Baranow. I am, although she does not know me, a friend of her husband."

"I answered:

"She is lost. She will never return to Russia."

"And suddenly, without warning, the man broke into sobs, got up and went out, staggering like a drunkard.

"The same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had asked me of her health. She seemed moved, and told me the story that I better have just told you. She added:—

"That man, whom I have never known, follows me like my shadow. Every time I go out I meet him. He looks at me in the strangest way, but he has never spoken to me."

"She reflected for a moment, then added:

"Look—I think that he is under my window now."

"She rose from her long chair and drew back the curtains, and, in truth, showed the man who had come to me that morning, seated on a bench on the promenade, looking with upraised eyes at the hotel. He saw us, got up, and walked slowly away without once turning his head.

"From that on I was a witness of the most surprising and melancholy thing—the silent love of these two beings who had never met.

"He loved her with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and faithful to the death. Every day he came to ask me 'How is she this morning?' knowing that I had guessed his secret, and his grief was terrible when he saw that day by day she grew paler and weaker.

"She said to me:

"I have never once spoken to that man,

and yet it seems to me that I have known him twenty years.'

"When they met she greeted him with a grave and charming smile. I felt that she was happy—alone, and knowing herself lost—I felt that she was happy to be loved thus, with this respect and constancy, with this exaggerated sentiment, with this absolute devotion. And yet, faithful with the obstinacy of feverish exaltation, she refused to receive him, to see him, to speak with him. She said, 'No—no—that would spoil for me this strange friendship. We must remain strangers to each other.'

"As for him, he was certainly a sort of Don Quixote, for he made no attempt to meet her. He wished to keep to the end the absurd promise that he had made her in the railway carriage.

"Often during her hours of weakness she would rise from her long chair and separate the curtains to see if he were there under her window. And when she saw him—always motionless on his bench—she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

"She died in the morning toward ten o'clock. As I left her house he met me, his face haggard and distorted. He had already heard the news.

"I want to see her before you, only for a second,' he said.

"I took him by the arm and together we entered the house.

"When he stopped by the bed of the dead woman, he took her hand and kissed it with a long kiss. The next moment he was gone like one who is insane."

Again the doctor was silent, presently adding:

"That is the most singular adventure on the railway that I know of. One might add, that men at best are absurd lunatics.

"A woman murmured in a low voice:

"Those two creatures were less foolish than you believe. They were—they were—"

"But she cried so that she could go no further. To calm her we changed the conversation, and no one knew what it was she wanted to say."

Translated from the French of Gui de Maupassant, for THE DEL MONTE WAVE.

HIS DEAD BED-FELLOW.

BY LINDA LYNDE.

Everyone who has taken the trouble to investigate the subject of somnambulism, second-sight, mesmerism, or divination must have arrived at the conclusion that, in some way not to be explained in the present state of science, persons of a certain temperament sometimes see visions which may foreshadow events to happen in the future—just as, in a dream, we anticipate incidents which may actually occur in real life at a subsequent period. It is not likely that all the visions of the somnambulist are prophetic. Those which are not confirmed by the event are forgotten. But the evidence that persons called mediums have really foreseen future events, and seen with their trance eyes scenes which have actually taken place subsequently, is too abundant and too authentic to admit of its being questioned. I must lay down this proposition as a preface to the following story:

Several years ago, in an idle moment, I called upon a professional fortune teller, and begged her to tell my fortune. She rattled off the usual nonsense about a fair lady who was kind, and a dark lady who was

false; about losses in business, followed by the acquisition of riches; about a happy marriage and a nursery full of children—all of which I listened with conventional indifference, paid my fee, and rose to go.

As I stood up the woman paused, in the act of consigning my coin in her purse, and seized me by the arm. I noticed that a strange contortion passed over her features, and that her eyes closed. I looked at her in silence.

"Did you observe," she asked with slow anticipation, "a pretty girl whom you passed as you came in?"

"I did."

"Well," she continued, speaking apparently with difficulty, "you will never marry that girl."

"As I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance," I replied with a smile, "I am not surprised at that."

"You will never speak to her."

"I think that likely enough."

"She will never speak to you."

"Why should she?"

"And yet, I tell you, you will be so close to that girl one night, that if I thought you would ever be as close to my daughter, I would kill her this very day."

"Pooh! Pooh!" I answered laughing, and left the room and the house.

Some months afterward I was employed to survey a tract of Government land in a thinly settled section of country. I had sent my chain man back to camp, as the day was nearly done, and I was alone—on a barren prairie, without bush, or tree, or house. All at once black clouds swept over the sky and the rain began to fall, at first in a patter of heavy drops, and then with the fury of a storm. I was drenched in a moment, and, with the advent of darkness, I lost my bearings, and had not the slightest idea which way to steer. If there had been a projecting rock or a tree, I would have faced the prospect of spending the night under such shelter as it might afford; but there was not even a shrub nor a boulder. Still it would not do to stand still, so I marched forward, trying to move in one direction, and floundering through puddles and mudholes with no other comfort than the barren consolation afforded by swear-words. After several hours of this exercise my trained eye detected a light near the horizon. I made for it, and soon made out that it was a house, probably a country tavern.

As I approached it my hand happened to strike the pocket in which I carried my purse. It was empty! In one of my many falls, my purse had fallen out. It was evident that a stranger, begrimed and mud spattered as I was, could not expect a very warm reception at an inn, if he had no money to pay his score. I paused, as I approached the building, and took a survey of the situation. By the side of the house was a farm-yard. Would it not be better policy for me to creep into the barn, and roll myself till morning in the warm hay?

When I entered the yard, it was so dark that I had to feel my way. I groped through puddles and manure heaps, until I struck the wheels of a vehicle—this was evidently a shed under which the wagons were gathered. Pushing on I struck another vehicle, and as I ran my fingers over it; I found that it was of curious shape; there were four wheels, but the body of the vehicle was a low box, closed on all sides. It occurred to me that this might be a baker's wagon which had been used for the delivery of bread, and was stranded in its old age in this country farm yard. If so, it would have a door at the end. I found that it had, and all at once it occurred to me that I had found the refuge I was seeking. The inside

of the baker's wagon would be warm and dry.

I opened the door and crawled in. Except that I could not sit up, the rest was all that I could have wished. It was perfectly dry, and there was plenty of room for me to stretch myself. Indeed, I would have had the whole inside to myself, but for a long bundle which appeared to be a roll of horse blankets. I was too tired to investigate it. I snuggled up to it as close as I could, pulled the door to with my foot, and in a few moments was fast asleep, in a bath of steam arising from my wet clothes.

I was wakened by the movement of my wheeled bedroom. The wagon was evidently going to be used, so I pushed the door open, and began to wiggle out feet first.

I was amazed to hear shrieks, and when I got out, to see several persons running away apparently in wild terror. I waved my arms, and called to them, but it was some moments before a middle aged man approached near enough to hear me. I explained to him that I had been storm bound, and had sought shelter in his wagon.

"Then you—you—you're not a ghost?"

"What nonsense! Come and feel my arm; you'll find it is flesh and blood."

"Then what," continued the man, who still kept his distance, and whose voice was quavering, "what have you done with the body?"

"What body?"

"Hers as was in the hearse."

I gasped. Turning round, I looked through the door of the vehicle, and I saw plainly enough that what I had taken for a roll of blankets was the body of a girl, laid out for burial. It had been placed in the hearse to await the arrival from the city of the coffin which was expected that morning.

It was the corpse of the girl I had met at the fortune teller's house.

A TIMELY DISPLAY.

A local attorney, noted for his large ears, his squeaky voice, and his general impecuniosity, sat in a California street car the other night with a friend. There were at least a dozen finely dressed ladies on board besides two gentlemen. The merits of Jackson formed the subject of the attorney's conversation and he boldly offered to wager his friend ten dollars that the colored Australian could do up John L. Sullivan.

"Show your coin," said the friend, feeling certain the wager was a bluff.

Much to the other's surprise the lawyer dove into his pocket and produced two shining half eagles. These he displayed with considerable ostentation, raising his tones at the same time to declare the firmness of his belief in the Professional's merits. Suddenly there came a voice from the further end of the car:

"As you've got the money pay me that five dollars you owe."

The attorney started, recognized his tailor, handed over the money, buttoned his ears across his face and subsided into silence, amid the hearty laughter of everyone else on board.

Moral.—"Never make an international exhibition of coin in a street car."

Mr. Curious—I can't see how Dr. Pill, who never saved a patient, can live in such style. Druggist S. Lander—Oh, he has large commissions.

"Indeed, for what?"

"He gets a percentage on the coffins."

AN EXCELLENT VILLAIN.

During three months I had been working on a story that I considered rather clever in architectural design and finish. It was an autobiography, under a thin veil of appropriated names and dates. Of course, I was the hero. The heroine, just as material as I, was, in the last chapter, to be rewarded by marrying me. She is now wedded to a very rich, vulgar, minc owner. After saying that, it will be unnecessary to add that I made no claim of nice discrimination on her part, while she progressed through my story to the goal of Hymen that I had kindly provided for her.

The "bad man" was a marvel, a remarkable creation. I felt particularly proud of him, and events showed my admiration for him was justifiable. He was, perhaps, the most atrocious villain that ever wended a blood-stained way through the pages of a highly sensational novel, or crossed with heel-and-toe strides the complaining boards of a Thespian temple. He had every chance in the world to be good. Born with a silver ladle in his finely shaped mouth, named Guy Golden, reared in the lap of luxury, clever, handsome, beloved—it was flying in the face of the author's providence to make him the red-handed ruffian of my story. But I explained it on the theory of heredity, giving, as evidence, the verdict of a Coroner's Jury that had sat on Golden's grandfather a few minutes after that pleasant old man had disappeared through a trap-door, cleverly knocked from under his feet by a Sheriff's ruthless deputy.

The first official notification the reader had of Golden's perfidy was when he made love to the heroine. While paying strict attention to the hero business I devoted a little time to the amateur detective profession, and hunted up Golden's record. From old Knapsack, a one-armed, single-legged pensioner, I learned the villain was a murderer. A few days before I found the aged hero he had lost part of his left auricular organ in a brawl. Physically, he was fading away, but his imagination was strong, far-reaching and unfettered. The waning warrior was foreman of the jury that sat on the remains of Golden's victim. From the evidence it appeared that a stranger (Guy Golden, of course) had arrived at the prosperous town of Santa Barbara. As a guest at the hotel he was invited to a ball given in honor of the local band. He met the belle of the season, and appeared to be enslaved by her many charms. The marked attentions he paid her aroused the ire of her betrothed, and a quarrel with the stranger was the result. Some hot words passed.

"I shall remember you, sir," said the stranger, glaring fiercely at the engaged youth.

"I have already forgotten you, sir," was the retort, as the young man turned on his heel, and sought the side of his fiance.

An imprecation escaped the stranger, which he made no attempt to detain. He sunk his teeth into his nether lip until the blood trickled down his chin. I originated this and similar phrases several years ago. I now make public use of them for the first time.

Few of the merry-makers had seen the quarrel. The evening newspapers of the following day contained a full account of the shocking murder of the soon-to-be-married man, with authentic remarks on the same by the distracted belle, her mother and aunt. The young man's jewelry and money were

missing; robbery was the object of the murderer or murderers. In the dead man's clenched hand was found a tuft of black hair. That hair was to be woven into the missing mesh in the legal net that was to bring Guy Golden to justice and the gallows in the third-last chapter of my story.

Just behind his right ear was a bare spot, gray and ghastly amid the black surroundings. I had often seen it, in all its hideous nudity, when Golden removed his hat.

Well, I had finished the fourth to the last chapter, headed, of course, "At Bay," and determined to get a good start on the next one, "The Wages of Sin," before I went to bed. It was growing late.

Guy had reached the end of his chain. I was denouncing him in a ball-room. The villain was present, so was the chief of detectives, who, as soon as I had reached the climax in my denunciation, was to swoop down on Golden, ostentatiously handcuff him, make a few remarks about having at last found the most desperate criminal of the times, and then bear him away to well-merited punishment.

With dramatic effect the awful crime and its collaterals were depicted. I spoke of the lonely stretch of wood; my voice fell to an eerie whisper when I told that the night was peculiarly dark, and that the wind soured, sighed and sobbed, and also shrieked through the trees—the way I had heard it so often in other stories. The doomed man walked bravely on, thinking only of the smiling face that had been upturned to his when the "good night" was muffled in the parting kiss.

Behind him, armed with a bludgeon, and with a tread like a cat, followed his enemy. Silently he gained on the unsuspecting man. Deeper into the woods went the young lover, and quietly, like the shadows cast by the waving arms of the murmuring trees, went his foe. The murderer is closing on his victim. See! The club is raised; it falls with a sickening crash on the youth's head. There is the short, desperate struggle, in which the wounded man grasps wildly at his assassin, and seizes him by the hair; then the piteous cry for mercy, beaten into silence by that ruthless weapon.

Fearfully the red-handed one turns and flees from the place. He never once glances back at that awful wreck he has made of God's handiwork. The victim lies stark and stiff there in the gloom of the forest, with the lock of hair held firmly in his death grip, and that hair belonged to —

"Time."

"Just 12 o'clock," I said, consulting my watch, and not looking up. "Now, please run away and let me finish this chapter. Strange, that I can't be allowed to write a stickful in peace at home, but must have some of you youngsters bothering the life out of me. Where was I? Lemme see"—and I brought back my thoughts to my story. Oh, yes, and I repeated the words I had written just before the interruption. "And that hair belonged to —"

"Time, now, time."

I dropped my pen. There was something in the way in which this command was uttered that reminded me very much of the tone employed by a Captain of Police when stopping a prize-fight, in which his friend is getting the worst of it. Before I could speak, another command, with the hint of a threat, on the side, was uttered:

"You had better tear that up, right now."

Ah, somebody thinks I'm making a will and fears he's left out. I turned my chair and faced the intruder.

There stood a well-built, handsome man, in

evening dress, but carrying a large cane with a buck-horn handle.

"Well, sir, what do you want here?" I asked. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Oh, come now," was the answer. "You know who I am, and ought to know what I want."

"What do you mean by telling me I know you, sir? I never saw you —"

I did not finish the sentence. If I had I am sure I should have prevaricated, and nothing would make me do that. I had seen him before, but where I could not tell. As he stood in the shadow cast by my book-case, with his hand at the back of his head, I was sure I knew him quite well. Something seemed to say that my acquaintance with him had not been pleasant, but I could not recollect where it began, or under what circumstances it had been broken off. As I looked at him my mind went over all the faces of chance, half-hour people I had met as an interviewer in Chicago before I came out to San Francisco. I couldn't place him among any of them. I couldn't recall a man in the list with whom I had had a quarrel. Blaine had been cheerful; John Sherman actually affable; Tom Ochiltree was always pleasant with newspaper men; Ben Butler would not be interviewed, but my visitor didn't look at all like him. The intruder was not a creditor. Heaven knows, I saw enough of them in the old days to know one anywhere and at all times. The man before me was not —

But, heavens and earth, how did he get into my study? When I looked at my watch I had no realization of the time, and the people of the house must have gone to bed an hour ago, and I knew the landlady too well to think she had left any door unlocked, any window unfastened, or any bar out of place. And I had locked my door before I began writing, as a necessary precaution against intrusion from the members of the family, who persisted in thinking I was a machine, able to add up sums, put my finger on unknown streams, hamlets, or cocoanut groves in the Dark Continent, or inform them on the chances of this or that candidate for re-election to the Chamber of Deputies.

I had had my eyes so close to the paper on which I had been writing, that when I glanced around at the intruder the room seemed oddly filled with a heavy fog, and as my visitor leaped against the book-case he appeared to be framed in the mist that enshrouded everything.

As I looked at him, everything became clearer. He was the only thing on which I had any doubt.

"I confess, sir," I said, "that I have seen you before, but believe me, I do not know who you are."

"Do not know who I am, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by saying that?"

"Come, come," I said, "do not speak to me in that manner. I am easily insulted, and a desperate man, I may say, a remarkably desperate man when aroused. Beware, sir, beware. I will not be called 'scoundrel' by you, and let the epithet pass unheeded!"

The last sentence was uttered almost at the full pitch of my voice. There was a double purpose in this. I meant at once to terrify the fellow, and awaken the family. I hoped for the latter event.

There was something very mysterious about the man, and I had an easily-accounted-for dread of him. How did he get in? What was his object? A man who can walk through four or five locked doors is not a pleasant visitor at the lonely hour of midnight.

My bullying manner seemed to have had

DEL MONTE WAVE.

some effect on him. He put out his hands deprecatingly and said, "Well, well."

A pause followed. He broke the silence.

"We had better get to business at once. I have not long to stay, and ——"

This was my opportunity. "Indeed," I said, "that is very unfortunate. I was about to ask you to sit down, and stay a while. You are charming company. But since you are anxious to go, will you have the kindness to tell me to what I am indebted for this pleasant visit?"

"I want you to stop writing that story."

"Do, eigh? That's all, is it? I thought you had come on a more important mission. I really hope, though, you have not allowed yourself to make any bets on the success of your visit. I really do. This story has been contracted for and as it is no concern of yours whether I write it, I don't see why I should disappoint my publishers."

"No concern of mine! Why, sir, it is all of my concern!"

"What do you mean? You talk in a very strange manner. Who are you?"

"I — I am Guy Golden, the 'bad man' of your story!"

What! Good heavens! This man before me—the creation of my own mind—the phantom of a myth, wearing a back mustache, an evening suit, and carrying a buck horn cane?

"Avaunt, there!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"I should be glad to oblige you," he replied, not unkindly; "but I don't know how. Won't you be good enough to show me?"

"But you obey the injunction frequently in the story," I faltered.

"Yes, I know it, but my action there is purely galvanic," said he. "If you will look over your manuscript impartially, divesting yourself of your fantastic author's fondness for me, you will perceive that I do not once obey that order in a natural manner. Allow me to say that in your story I am highly over drawn." He seated himself quite sociably.

I sank back in my chair, and looked at him. He was an offensive fellow. He did not hand me his card, but I had not the slightest reason to doubt that he was Guy Golden. A man who could get into my room at that time of night could be anybody he might elect. While I sat and pondered, my visitor made a concertina of his crush hat, shoving it backward and forward in an unembarrassed way.

"Well," I remarked, as I put my foot on a match he had thrown on the carpet after lighting a cigarette, "you are Guy Golden?"

"Yes, sir. It may seem strange to you, but it's the truth. And I want you to drop this tale. You don't know what I'd have to suffer by being made the villain of that story. All the authors have made me the hero in their works, and putting me in as a bad man would cause me irreparable loss."

"Is that so?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. That hereditary theory of yours won't go. Really, it won't."

"It's rather novel, is it, to have a man such as I describe with the name of Guy Golden for a villain, is it?"

"Oh, frightfully so, and that's why I protest. As I have said, all the authors have made me the hero. By being different you'd get us all down on you. You can see yourself that it isn't the right thing to do. Have some regard for us, can't you?"

"Who in heaven's name do you mean by 'us'?" I asked. "Two-three times you have said 'us.' Who's 'us'?"

"Why, our association, of course."

"Your association?" I looked at him in surprise.

"Yes, the Amalgamated Gathering of Created Characters by Deceased Authors. It's a remarkably strong organization, I can tell you, and has in it several distinguished personages have made big 'hits' for people who have who used them. Uriah Heep is Master Workman of Hypocrite's Assembly, 41144; Iago is Master Workman of Smooth Mau's Assembly, 6711; Overcoat Tommy is Secretary of Anglomaniac's Assembly, 93353, which was granted a charter only a few weeks ago."

"Pretty thoroughly organized, aren't you?" I said, trying to direct his attention to the cuspidor. "What position have you?"

"I'm Junior Warden of Leading Man's Assembly, the most powerful one in the order. I was sent here by the General Assembly, of which I am a member, to urge you to discontinue that story. By going on with it, you'd get us, all 'down on' you, and of course that would be rather disagreeable. Honest, now, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," I remarked, carelessly. "If you are only created characters, I don't see how it can possibly affect me if you and all your ilk are 'down on' me as you say."

"Don't use that word 'ilk,'" he said, shrinking nervously. "You can't imagine how that comparatively inoffensive syllable affects me. If I were to explain to you——"

"Pray don't attempt it," I said; "you are my — my guest," I went on hospitably. "But if it would not affect you too violently, I really should like you to explain how the ill will of a created character or even of an Amalgamated Society of Created Characters could injure a writer in the prime of his strength and ambition—like me. You say you are all created characters by deceased authors. Do I look like a man who could be frightened in any such posthumous manner as that?"

"Have a care, sir, have a care," he answered. "You must yourself know that although only a created character, I am a very determined one."

He was right. In my humble opinion no better villain had ever stalked virtue. Perhaps, after all, he could do me some good.

"What do I get for giving up this story?" I inquired. "I have done a good deal of work on it, and my publishers will be put to some trouble if it is not finished."

Golden appeared relieved, and said:

"We'll make that all right. I am an officer in the general council, and will order the Master Workman of the Assembly of Clever Characters Not Appreciated and Seldom Used detail two or three of them to come around to you. Some great material in that assembly; best in the world, I tell you. Some of the first-class authors are using them now; but not to any great extent. They used redressing and that is considered hard work by the lightning book producers. Are you with me?"

"Well, you'd have old what's-his-name send the fellows around?"

"Yes, sir. I'll have them put on a special detail for you. They won't cost anything for keep, you know, and you can have them as long as you want them."

"Well, I'll go you once!"

"That's right," said Golden, "let me have the story."

I gathered all the manuscript that represented so much thought and labor, and piled it up, chapter by chapter. Then I turned to the place where I had described the bad man. It was a very accurate description; fitted my visitor to the buttons on his shoes.

"Here it is," I said, giving him the bundle of closely-written, muchly-blotted paper.

"Thanks," said he, cramming it into the inside pocket of his coat, thereby spoiling the

excellent fit of that garment, which was of my workmanship.

I shoved my chair back to get my legs from under the desk, so that I could open the door for him. When I looked around he was gone—vanished, and the study door was closed. I went to it and tried the lock. It was all right. "Glad of it," I said to myself; "glad of it. This fellow's a true blue and no mistake."

Very early I was out of bed and in my study next morning, waiting for the characters. I gave positive orders that I was not to be disturbed on any account. I did not care to have the characters frightened away.

But none came. I stayed up o' nights, and rose early o' mornings, but no characters. Everything in one weak man's power to do, I did, to encourage them to come along. They never came. At least, they have not come around yet. Two months have passed since the memorable night on which I gave Golden the manuscript of my story. I can't reproduce it, but the reader of this can guess whether or not the villain was a perfect type. I am inclined to think there is no Amalgamated Gathering of Created Characters by Deceased Authors, but can only hope that if there is such an association, no brother will make verbal contracts with unauthorized members of the same.

H. H.

A LEAP YEAR COURTSHIP.

"You will marry me, dearest?" she said earnestly. They were in the drawing room of her father's home, and the light from the cut glass chandelier sparkled on the diamonds at her breast. "Long have I loved thee. Impatiently I've waited the moment you would say — 'Be mine.' But your bashfulness, your delicacy, have come between me and your love.

"Say yes, dear."

He answers not.

"Can it be that you've deceived me? Can it be I've lavished all my love for naught? Beware, Roger Gorham! Beware, your answer! My life depends on your words. My heart throbs with apprehension. Remember, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'

"Is it yes, Roger?"

And still he answers not.

"You love another," she whispered convulsively. "Her name, this instant? — But it cannot be. Have I not sung and played for you, danced with you? Have you not encouraged me to believe that I alone was yours? Has not my father provided us with countless tickets for the theater? Did we not go swimming together at Monterey? Roger, answer me, and think well what you do.

"Please say, 'Yes.'"

And still is Roger silent.

"Monster! and this to me? Ha ingrate! Your face darkens, your eyes bulge. Shame on you, for thus rebuffing the honest heart's love of a pure young girl. Base reptile! Now say, 'Yes.'"

A terrible struggle, a chorus of gasps, a noise of choking.

"Merciful heavens! Ermengarde McCaffery, take your fingers off my windpipe or I'll die."

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A DINNER AT THE CAT.

Miss Matilda Keating, the old maid, who knew what was proper and what was not, pronounced their behavior indecent. That a young husband should love his young wife was right enough. But that George Raymond should never be seen without Rosamond's hand in his; that he should be constantly putting his arm round her under the pretense that he feared she might slip; that his eyes were ever drinking love in hers, and his lips quite plainly hungering for kisses; that they were so engrossed in each other's society as unconsciously to cut their nearest acquaintances in the street; such conduct was simply disgusting, and it made the old maid shudder to observe it.

The young couple were certainly spoony. It had come to be a fashion for George to cut up the meat on both plates, so that each could eat with a fork and hold the other's hand meanwhile; and, though their drawing-room contained a number of comfortable chairs, one was all that was wanted unless visitors called. The morning sunshine and the evening dusk were so many excuses for kisses. They went to sleep to dream of each other, and awoke to clasp each other in a tender embrace. He thought there never had been any object in nature or art that could compare with Rosamond in her fresh, pale-rose tea gown; she was quite sure that there never was so manly and glorious an Apollo as hers. They never left each other unless it was absolutely necessary; she read poetry to him—love poetry; he read her novels—all about love. He hated to talk to men, because they diverted his mind from her; she raged at visitors, because they discoursed of the opera and society and such matters. To be alone together, in each other's arms, looking in each other's eyes, exchanging kisses and thoughts—that was the life they led and proposed to lead for ever.

She could not realize it at first—it seemed impossible; but there came a day when she felt something like weariness. Not that she was growing tired of George. Far from it. She loved him better than ever. But the endearments of the honeymoon began, in just the least little degree, to pall upon her. She began to realize a sameness in the ever-renewed caresses of the darling of her heart. It was *toujours perdrix*. An alarming thought struck her, that she might be growing weary of love-making. Forbid it, heaven! Anything rather than that! She would introduce novelty into the monotony of their life.

"George," said she, "I want you to take me out to dinner."

"Certainly, darling. We shall enjoy a change. Where shall we go? To the Palace?"

"No. I don't care about the Palace; couldn't you take me?" she faltered, drooping her eyes and blushing, "to one of those places where I wouldn't be supposed to be your wife?"

George stared without understanding her. "Don't you understand? I mean a place—a place where, as I hear, they have private rooms, and gentlemen go to meet ladies who are not married to them."

"I am mastering your idea," replied George rather grimly. "Why do you want to go to such a place as that?"

"It is just a fancy of mine, dear George," she stammered, hiding her pretty head in his waistcoat; "I want to play we are lovers, naughty lovers, and—and—that I am—don't make me blush—don't look at me—that I am sacrificing myself for love of you."

He was silent and grave for a moment.

Then bursting into a laugh, he cried: "You whimsical little girl! Well, you shall have your way. We'll dine together in strict *incognito*, in a private room at the Cat."

She was triply veiled; yet she trembled as they entered the restaurant, and were shown into a handsome room, with table set with glass and flowers, a fine, large mirror, and a broad sofa.

"What will you have for dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she faltered. "You order what you please."

"Auguste," said George, "bring us a bisque aux écrevisses, deviled quail, a civet de lièvre, lobster salad, with plenty of spices in it, and a bottle of Perrier Jouet."

"Bien, Monsieur Raymond." And the well-bred waiter retired, muttering between his teeth: "Another of them I never saw before." He had been studying Rosamond's face with a puzzled expression.

"George," cried Rosamond, when the door closed, "that man knew you. How did he know you? You surely never came here before with —"

"Can't say, love. These fellows wait at suppers every where."

She was wrapt in thought. All at once she turned on him with a fierce expression:

"George, tell me the truth, as if you were on your death-bed. Were you ever here with—with—with another woman?"

"How can you fancy such a thing, pet? Have I ever loved any girl but you?"

"I would die if I thought you had, George," and a little lace handkerchief came into play, and a tear had to be kissed out of the blue eye.

"Tell me, George, and don't laugh at me, all sorts of ladies—I mean ladies who are off color, you know, come here to get dinner, don't they?"

"It was formerly the custom," replied George, gravely, "for the head waiter to require ladies to exhibit their marriage certificate before the soup was served, but this practice involved such delays that latterly it has fallen into innocuous desuetude. That was why I didn't remind you to bring yours."

"Oh! I came here knowing what I had to expect." And she threw her arms round his neck and began to kiss him with such vigor that the waiter, who was bringing in the soup, backed out precipitately, muttering, "*A sout des courages vraiment.*"

The dinner was excellent, and Rosamond enjoyed it. It did not require much pressing to induce her to drink three glasses of champagne. She could not sit still at the dessert, but amused herself examining the furniture and reading the inscriptions which had been written with a diamond on the mirror. George was smoking, when he heard her gasp. She turned to him and pointed with her finger to a name on the mirror. He read it.

"George Raymond."

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed a forced laugh. "One of the ladies whom I knew before I met you, dear, must have transmitted my name to posterity," and he tried to clasp her waist, but she broke away.

"Is it possible," she screamed, "that you associated with women of that class —?"

But George was saved the trouble of answering by a clamor which came from below. An altercation was in progress, and the voices were fierce and loud. George listened for a moment, then starting up, cried:

"By Jove! That's Lindsay's voice. He may be in some difficulty, and I must go to him. Excuse me, darling, just one moment."

He did not notice, as he dashed out of the door, a well-dressed gentleman who stood in

the passage outside, in close confab with the waiter. The latter was saying:

"I never saw her before. She is probably from the East, for her manners are too distinctive for a country girl. Ah! Monsieur, *elle est exquise.*"

"Just let me in for a moment."

"Impossible."

"Here, you fool," cried the gentleman, thrusting a five dollar piece into his hand, "you needn't know anything about it," and gently turning the handle of the door, he entered, hat in hand, and stood before Rosamond.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, for intruding, but I saw you enter the restaurant, and I was unwilling to go without one more glimpse of the loveliest face I have seen for many a day."

"This is a private room, sir. I do not know you. Please retire."

"Not without a single word. I know you are waiting for your friend, but there is time —"

"I am waiting for my husband."

"Ah! yes, of course," with a smile, "your husband! Yes. But you can tell me before your—ahem—husband returns, where I may have the supreme felicity of seeing you again."

"Sir, if you do not instantly go I will ring."

The gentleman threw himself upon the sofa, put his hat on, drew out a cigar, and fell back, laughing. "That is very good acting, upon my word. A little overdone, perhaps, but still good."

"Will you go?"

"Come, come, ma belle; this affectation is just a trifle out of place."

"Affectation!"

"Yes, my dear, affectation. What! you come to dine in a private room at the Cat with George Raymond, who has only been married a few weeks, and you give yourself airs of a vestal virgin. Nonsense, child. Have a little sense, and give me your address like a good little girl."

And he rose from the sofa and spread out his arms to seize her. She hadn't time to scream, for at that moment the door opened and George Raymond reappeared, hot and flurried.

"George," she almost sobbed, falling upon his breast.

"Hallo, Douglas! You here?" said George, mystified.

"Yes, I—I—" was the only reply of the visitor, who was thinking whether he had better lie or tell the truth.

"It's odd how you got in here, as we supposed we were alone, but now you are here let me present you to Mrs. Raymond."

"Mrs. Raymond!"

A woman recovers her wits twice as quick as a man.

"Your friend, dear, mistook the door of his room, and was apologizing to me for his intrusion when you entered. I think we should not detain him from his company."

"Thanks, Mrs. Raymond; so happy—um—ah—um—your acquaintance."

And he vanished.

"How did he get in?" asked George, suspiciously.

"Perhaps through the key-hole, dear, and I think that hereafter we will dine at home where the key-holes are not so large."

L. L.

Those who desire to subscribe for THE WAVE should send one dollar in money or postage stamps to the publication office, 23 First street, or to J. N. Philan, bookseller, 211 Sutter street.

HIS TITLE FOR A FORTUNE.

The Nobleman's List of Heiresses.

American heiresses, in their anxiety to win titles for themselves and a long line of ancestors for their progeny, have invaded all the countries of Europe. The record of their victories and defeats has been printed in every newspaper in the country, and the readers have sat agast at the list of fatalities. But this invasion has not proved pleasant to many scions of noble British families. They, having as assets only titles and bad reputations, found that their chances of successfully combatting in the matrimonial lists the older and higher members of the aristocracy were very slight, determined to carry the war into the land of the Amazons, and came hither ready to wed or die for the Americau Eagle, as that noble fowl appears on the metal currency. Not a few of those sprigs of nobility reached San Francisco, and with praiseworthy zeal made themselves masters of the situation. They prepared for the war by gaining estimates of the enemy's forces; every means at hand was used in the collection of information. Friends were "puipued;" hotel clerks were questioned; land-ladies were adroitly led to speak of the heiresses, and even the assessor was called upon to give his aid in furnishing figures of fortunes for the bride-hunters.

By a set of curious chances I made the acquaintance of the lady-like mistress of one of Sutter street's famous boarding-houses. She wanted news of a gentleman who had suddenly left owing a bill of very respectable proportions. In his hurry he had forgotten a trunk, a hat-box and a small valise. He had been a guest at the Palace Hotel, where his name and title were set forth in the usual English hand. His advent to the boarding-house created a commotion. Everybody learned that a British lord had come among them, and everybody rejoiced thereat. But he was the Silver Churn that the Sutter street magquets could not charm. He positively refused to be fascinated by any of them. Indeed, he preferred the company of the landlady to that of many of the young people, and this was good taste, but he had an object in his attentions, and the handsome matron was soon telling him all she knew about the rich girls of the city and the size of their fortunes. Then a failure to meet the weekly bill was excused on the ground of the miscarriage of the remittance; a great many remittances must have miscarried, for the mistress of the house was compelled to tell her noble guest that if he did not pay up she would be forced to operate her business without the assistance of a lord. Three days later he departed, leaving behind the articles before mentioned; in the desk that was a feature of the room's beautiful furniture, was a letter, unsealed, and evidently forgotten in the hurry of flight. The landlady read it, and was surprised to find many of the facts and figures she had given her boarder set down, and embellished with information she was not possessed of. The letter is a curiosity in the literature of this day, and will prove interesting reading to the many beautiful and rich girls who had the honor of the distinguished writer's acquaintance. I took the liberty of correcting the spelling, which in

many instances was obsolete. The letter follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, December — 1889.

MY DEAR RODDENHURST:

Of course you remember how often we used to laugh about our possible chances of marrying an American heiress, long before either one of us ever thought of stirring a step away from the "tight little isle." Now, as regards style, I never went much on the American girl myself, although I had seen some devilishly pretty ones, before I sold out. You remember that dashing young officer in one of the regiments who married pretty Daisy Mathews, one of the thirty-six Singer heirs. And if you remember I remarked to you at the time that pa's ducats could cast a flaming argent over any bar sinister in the world. Well, I don't mind admitting it to you, old fellow, but I did come to America with the intention of marrying money. The reason I came to seek the heiress, and did not wait for the heiress to seek me, was entirely owing to the fact that while I have a title, and am a representative of an old and honored name, I should stand a chance in comparison with the bankrupt princes and counts and effete dukes and their still more effete possessions that are being offered in the matrimonial market. You know I had letters of introduction to several prominent people in New York, but, as you may imagine, I did not stay long in the lesser London, as they are fond of calling it. I did not know any of the families there by reputation. I had absolutely no knowledge of their peculiar characteristics to guide me in my methods of procedure, and so after hanging about the clubs for a time, I suddenly seized my grip-sack and started west.

I think now that it would have been better had I taken this course at the outset, for when I arrived here a few weeks ago I found that several birds of bright, golden hue had winged their flight across the continent towards the very city I had left.

After I reached San Francisco I lost no time in seeking out certain persons to whom I had letters. To cut a long story short, I managed to get the entré to several of the clubs and I was invited to call on quite a number of young ladies.

In my wanderings I fell in with a charming fellow, without whom it would be impossible for society to exist. In the course of conversation I frankly told him my object and asked him if he could not give me a few points. With his usual good nature he at once complied with my request. Indeed he did not seem to think that there was anything unusual about it. I am certain from the ease with which he rolled out the figures that he has made a careful survey of the field, if not for himself, for the benefit of others. I took pains to transcribe all his figures, even his running comments upon the young ladies and their parents. Some of his sayings I thought were not exactly complimentary to the maidens, who certainly are not to be blamed if their fathers do elevate their heels above their head and expectorate on the carpet. This may seem incredible, yet I have it from him that a certain millionaire is given to doing such things, not only in the immediate bosom of his family, but that he still makes himself at home in the manner of his earlier days, even when his family, as they say in America, "have company." That would be a nice sort of a father-in-law.

Naturally the first young lady that was mentioned was Miss Jennie Flood. He laughed as he quoted Shakespeare about the "title in the affairs of men," and said it was now a chestnut, for every man about town, every newspaper writer and society reporter, having at least once, in the course of his career inflicted it upon a long suffering public. "But evidently," said he, "no one is to take it at the Flood, and Miss Jennie will keep her own fortune." In the first place he assured me that none but a Catholic could have any show at all, with the young lady, as she was extremely devout, and then he laughed. He at once explained his levity at this moment by saying that he could not understand how so good a Catholic as Miss Flood could be willing to lose such an opportunity for winning a convert to the faith, "for" said he, "I know some men who would have turned Catholic, Jew, Mohammedan, anything in order to be accepted by her." It is a well known fact that Grant's young son was engaged to her at one time, but Miss Flood herself broke off the match.

"Few can tell" continued my informant, "what her wealth amounts to, but it is at least \$5,000,000. From one large building in the centre of this city her income is \$7,000 a month. When the failure of the wheat corner nearly caused the overthrow of the big bank Miss Jennie turned over \$1,000,000 worth of Government bonds, which her father had given her as a birthday present, to prop it up, and none of this donation was returned to her, unless the legacy from her father be considered payment."

Miss Tessie Fair came next on the club man's list. He described her as a charming little creature, who would not fall an easy prey to a fortune hunter. As I had spoken so freely to him about my own plans, I could not resent it when he made use of what might be considered a somewhat objectionable term. Not only have the local lights tried to outshine each other in their desire to attract Miss Tessie's attention, but she has had flames from afar, or rather those who wished they could arouse in her the necessary interest. So far she has resisted all their attempts. At present she is in New York. I wish I had seen her, although my club acquaintance rather, without putting it into words, gave me to understand that the young lady is somewhat arbitrary and at times does tyrannize over her girl friends and gentlemen acquaintance in the most approved manner of an

undisputed belle. He also assured me that Mrs. Fair, whose first name is borne by the daughter, has, it is supposed, \$3,000,000 or more laid away for Miss Tessie alone, and that young lady from her father, the ex-United States Senator, may inherit \$5,000,000 more. Waxing eloquent in her praises he declared that though only nineteen years old (she made her debut two years ago) she plays several musical instruments very creditably, paints pictures of real artistic merit, is well up in literature, does embroidery and other fancy work with skill and has been all over Europe. She is very fond of outdoor exercise, is a daring and tireless swimmer, wins more attention than any other young woman on the Monterey and Santa Cruz beaches each succeeding year, is a spirited equestrienne, drives out in a pretty cart behind a black steed called Foxey, and is a good bowler and one of the best tennis players here, where tennis playing is now almost as much an accomplishment as dancing, in which, by the way, she is perfect.

If you want to meet a young lady, who, besides the attraction that wealth might offer, has the additional charm of possessing a winning disposition and true amiability," continued my club man looking up from the little book to which he continually referred, "watch out for Miss Jennie Blair. I may say that she is a general favorite. Her sunny temper matches the color of her hair which is touched with the color of burnished gold. She is quite vivacious, too, petite, without a trace of affectation, quite good looking, plays tennis with the most skillful, swims like a mermaid, rides and drives like one who knows how, indulges in other kinds of outdoor exercises, goes much into society, is about twenty years old and has all the advantages that belong to an only daughter, Old Capt. Blair, her father, is many times a millionaire."

After hearing my friend dilate upon the charms of Miss Jennie Dumphy, I felt that the fates indeed were unkind to deny me the privilege of gazing upon this superb girl. My friend dwelt at length upon her extreme kindness of heart, her good-nature, and her accomplishments. She is tall and splendidly formed, has the best amateur soprano voice in San Francisco. She plays on the guitar, mandolin and other instruments; speaks German, French and Italian, as well as Spanish, in an expert swimmer and a daring horsewoman.

"Nicholas G. Luning," continued my inexhaustible source of information, "is the closest man in the city, and if he holds on to his daughter, Miss Clara, as he does to a nickel when he is asked to contribute that amount to a charitable purpose, he might just as well lock her up in his safe at once, with the rest of his valuables. It is almost safe to assume that his daughter will finally have at her command an estate between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars. That's a figure for you, my boy! And the best of it all, it is securely invested in real estate, mortgages and other securities."

"Miss Mollie Phelan is the daughter of another old purse-pinch'er. She will probably inherit several millions of dollars."

"Miss Rita Haggins is a cultivated, highly intellectual woman. You needn't turn your attention in that direction for I believe she is wedded to her books, and has no wish to take unto herself and her fortune a partner to share her joys, sorrows and—her cash."

"An heiress with some other aim in life than simply to avoid fortune hunters, to follow a fad, or to enjoy empty pleasure is Miss Maud Howard, the daughter of dapper Charles Webb Howard, of the Spring Valley Water Company. Miss Maud is the only girl, luxuriating in the possession of four brothers. She is a young lady with an earnest purpose in life, and, because of her enthusiasm, sincerity and somewhat brusque manner of advancing her ideas, some merciless wag dubbed her 'The Lift.' It is said she is trying to elevate society. She will come in for a round share of a million for her mother has money in her own right."

"The daughter of J. P. Hale is an accomplished musician and linguist. She has added to the treasures of a richly stored mind, the wide experience gained by travel and observation. She will have a million or two."

"A brilliant young lady is Miss Emelie Hager, whose paternal guardian, John S. Hager, has been a Judge, a United States Senator and a Collector of the Port at San Francisco. The Hagers do three times as much entertaining as any family in this city, but they have ample means and can afford to be bountiful. Miss Hager is not over twenty-one years old. Numerous accomplishments for indoors and out are hers. Her musical education is thorough. She handles a horse and colors a canvas equally well. She is a bright companion, talks French fluently and dances like a nymph. She can be designated an excellent catch. She is a handsome demi-blonde and her figure is superb."

"Miss Ella Goad will adorn an ancestral hall. She is a decided blonde, of medium height, exceedingly good figure, and has a fair, clear complexion, and very white, regular teeth. She made her social debut year before last, and it is therefore presumed that she is about twenty years old. She has a sweet voice, is up in music and can ride a horse well. In society she is quite a belle. Her papa is W. Frank Goad, a lawyer, who lives in a magnificent \$200,000 residence on Washington and Gough streets. The paintings and furniture in it cost many thousands more."

"Among the other prospective heiresses," continued he, "are quite a number of young girls whose first season will begin this winter. Perhaps they might be more easily dazzled than an older girl, by the lustre of a British title, and you might try there. Let me give you a word or two about some of them. There is Miss Alice Simpkins the

DEL MONTE WAVE.

daughter of that jolly old boy, Charles Simpkins. Now he himself is worth a pile of money and he has large money-making interests actively at work. He is a partner in the Los Angeles Gas Works, besides being a capitalist. Miss Alice is a very nice girl, tall, slender, a good figure if she would straighten up a little and not thrust her head forward. She has a delicate, refined face and is rather shy and retiring. It is likely that she will have a good share of property in her own right, for she has but one brother with whom her father's large fortune will be divided. Her great chum, Miss Maggie Kittle might be classed among heiresses of a large figure, were she not one of a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

"Another member of the same school set is Miss Alice Hobart, whose father was the recent purchaser of the famous Amy Crocker residence on Van Ness avenue, where his family were at once domiciled upon their return from Europe. Some idea of Hobart's wealth may be gained from the fact that he once paid \$50,000 for a horse, he owns the Union Square building, is rich in mines, being associated with A. Haywards. For the past few years his wife and daughter have been in Europe completing Miss Alice's education. She is reported to be very fond of books, and as for out of door sports, she is an expert. She plays tennis remarkably well, and to gratify her desire to keep up her pursuit of this pastime, her father has had built for her one of the finest courts in the state.

"Charles Hollbrook, of the hardware firm of Hollbrook, Merrill & Stetson, has a bright, beautiful daughter to whom he will probably leave a generous fortune. She, too, has just returned from Europe and it is likely that her spacious residence on Van Ness and Washington will often resound with the melodious music of mirth and gayety.

"Johnny Skae, the mining man of Virginia City who died in this city some years since with malignant small-pox, left a sweet, pretty daughter, a most amiable and lovable girl, in little Alice Skae, who has now grown up into a charming young woman. Much of her time has been spent away from San Francisco, and all that New York could do to develop a school-girl into a self-possessed and affable young lady, has been done for Miss Skae.

"One of the most aristocratic of our society matrons is Mrs. Thomas Breeze, whose late husband was well known among all old Californians as 'Tom Breeze.' She is an Irish lady of great culture and natural intelligence and naturally would place a high value upon education. Therefore her daughter has had the very best of masters and is a very accomplished girl. No one knows just what will be her proportion of her father's estate, for she will have to share with a brother and a sister, but those who knew 'Tom' are sure that it will be no mean sum. She has had the advantages of travel, and belongs to the 'set' in San Francisco.

"Two girls who will be wealthy women when their mother dies, are the daughters of Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke. This name is a familiar one in legal literature; her great suit to regain her San Joaquin property which she claimed had been wrongfully wrested from her sick husband having drawn much attention throughout its progress in the courts. The young ladies, Miss Edith and Lottie, are very popular among their many friends. They are bright and attractive, and in addition to their many accomplishments, such as are sometimes possessed by other young ladies in their station, they have gained reputations as expert swimmers. Miss Edith has a medal given her by Congress for her bravery in rescuing a companion from drowning a few years ago. The Misses Clarke have a brother, but the property could be divided among a good many more than there are in the family and still give each a lordly share.

"Miss O'Sullivan, prominent in Catholic circles, is reputed to be a prospective heiress to an amount that will not fall under \$500,000. She is the daughter of the late C. D. O'Sullivan, of the Hibernian Bank. She is a kind-hearted and agreeable young lady.

"Miss Evelyn Shepard is an Oakland girl whose dower will not be a small one; it is estimated that each of the Shepard family may come in for at least \$500,000. Besides having a prospective fortune before them, the Shepard girls have been born to a heritage of grace and beauty. One of the elder sisters, who, as Miss Gertie Shepard, was one of the attractions in the Walter Scott booth in the first Authors' Carnival, is now Mrs. Charles Eels, and is rightly considered one of the handsomest matrons in Oakland, whose sweet, pretty children have inherited their mother's good looks and amiability. Miss Evelyn is tall and slender, and besides dancing divinely, whistles, so her friends say, almost as well as the renowned *suffuse*, Miss Annie Shaw.

"Miss Mattie Kohl will not be forgotten when heiresses are being mentioned, for her father is one of the five owners of the Alaska Commercial Company, and while the exact receipts of that company are of course, a profound secret, it is safe to assume that it has made many times a millionaire of those who have held its stock. Consequently Miss Kohl may live anywhere between \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

"A young lady of whom all who have ever had the pleasure of meeting her speak in the highest terms is Miss Anna Head, the daughter of Mr. Head, one of Senator George Hearst's mining associates. He is immensely wealthy, and Miss Anna is an only child. She is pretty and has also rare graces of mind. She has been a great student, and before she left San Francisco, where she had enjoyed the best of the educational advantages here offered to those who have the desire to learn and the money to procure first-class masters, she had gained the reputation for being a young girl of great application, and bright mental ability. For some years she has been in the East and abroad, consequently she will return to us with her mind still more

enriched. It seems that while she has been under Mr. George Hearst's wing in Washington, she has attracted much attention by her spirited powers of repartee, several of her *bou mots* having been telegraphed out to the papers in the letters of New York correspondents.

"Miss Mary Eyre, whose father is the well known mining man, Colonel E. E. Eyre, is a member of the ultra-inner circle of San Francisco's four hundred and will probably have a fortune not less than \$500,000.

"Miss E. H. Chabot, or as her friends prefer to call her 'Nellie' Chabot, is the daughter of the man who made his fortune by selling the lake which bears his name to the Oaklanders for their water supply. Anthony Chabot has been dead for more than a year, his daughter may be met in the social round, and by many she will be considered a very pretty girl. She has a round full face, with dark curly hair, and has been classed among the beauties of Oakland. Her every movement is full of grace; she is a bright conversationalist and has many admirers.

Miss Alice Decker's name recurs as an heiress of great wealth. She is a California girl, whose father, the late Peter Decker, the banker, was well known in the State. For some years the family have been abroad, and it was currently reported, upon the best of authority, that Miss Decker would soon return to us a bride. In fact, the man who, by-the-way, was a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in New York, crossed the ocean, joined his fiance and her mother in Paris, when to the amazement of all who knew them, Miss Decker flatly refused to marry him, alleging for her act no reasons whatever. It is said that not even to her mother would she confide the cause of her refusal. The young man professed himself at a loss to account for his dismissal and quietly went home. There is an air of mystery that lingers about the affair which gives it the delightful flavor of a romance. Decker's money was largely invested in Marysville but he has other interests in different parts of the State.

"Miss Cheeseman, daughter of Morton Cheeseman, lately deceased, is a wealthy cousin of the Deckers. She is now at Colorado Springs.

"Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker of Bush Street are favorites in fashionable society. They have always entertained on a grand scale. They were educated in San Francisco, and are skilled in athletic sports; they are fine swimmers and as tennis players they rank high. Each of them will be likely to have at least \$500,000.

"The Misses Forbes of San Rafael are the daughters of Alexander Forbes, the capitalist. They live in grand style, and are very popular. As heiresses, they are not behind the rest.

"Miss Boardman, whose mother was Miss Julia Hort before her marriage, will be likely to inherit a goodly sum from her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort, who celebrated their golden wedding during the past year.

"Miss Virginie De Fremery, the daughter of William De Fremery, is an Oakland young lady, very much admired for her charming manners, her tall, slender figure and her pretty face. She is most affable and pleasant, without one particle of affectation. Her prospects are very excellent, for the name of De Fremery is a synonym for success in business, of thirst and wide spread interest. Her father is the junior partner in the firm of James De Fremery & Co., commission merchants, on Battery Street. The De Fremerys are members of an old Dutch family well known and honored throughout the Netherlands, and the mother of Miss Virginie was a Miss Campbell of Oakland, the daughter of the eminent jurist, the late Alexander Campbell.

"Miss Inez Macondray is the daughter of the late Fred Macondray, whose widow married the youthful Prentiss Selby. Her father made his money in the commission business, of which trade in tea formed a large and important part. It is said that young Selby came courting Miss Inez, who turned up her aristocratic nose at him as being altogether 'too much of a *snip* for her,' when lo and behold, his engagement to her mother was announced soon afterwards, and they were married, so Miss Macondray now has her rejected suitor for a stepfather. She is a niece of Mrs. James Otis, who, by-the-way, will be able to give her daughter a nice little dot of her own.

"There are in Alameda two charming heiresses Misses Nelly and Maggie Lynch. They are daughters of N. Lynch of Virginia City, who died worth at least a million dollars.

"They own property round the New City Hall and have some choice sections of real estate in Alameda.

"They are bright, pretty girls, well educated and accomplished. I have them rated at \$150,000 each in their own right. Then there are the Miss Sheehys, who reside with their mother in a handsome mansion on Van Ness Avenue, near the corner of Eddy Street. Miss Mamie is a habite blonde with gray eyes and dark hair, of an exceeding retiring and amiable disposition. Her sister resembles her. Their father, the late Robert Sheehy, was a grain merchant. Beside real estate around the city the family own an immense ranch in Fresno county. An elder sister is married to Superior Judge Lawler.

"Miss Marie Dillon, a niece of J. J. O'Brien, is a pleasant faced, amiable young lady who resides with her mother on Van Ness Avenue. She is said to be worth \$60,000 in her own right.

"Near the corner of Harrison and First Streets, in a comfortable mansion surrounded by a pretty garden, reside Misses Mamie and Agnes Farren, whose respective fortunes will reach in the neighborhood of \$200,000 each, Miss Agnes is a pretty blonde while Miss Mamie, the elder, is noted for her beautiful feet and her skill on the mandolin and guitar. Both are bright and witty conversa-

tionists and he is indeed clever at repartee who can silence them.

"Miss Mamie Gately is a handsome and religious young lady whose education has been very strictly attended to. Her fortune is estimated at about \$150,000. She and her sisters are leading members of the Irish set which is large and as exclusive in its way as some of the other cliques in which this city abounds. There is another sister, Miss Julia Gately, whom I hear is not in the matrimonial market, her tastes tending towards religious life.

"Miss Agnes Tobin is the eldest daughter of the late Robert Tobin of the Hibernia Bank. She is very religious; goes in for Sunday School teaching; and is a trifle eccentric in dress. She is extremely well read and were she to go into society, would take a leading place. The Tobin family is much looked up to among the clergy, and in the Irish set it is pre-eminent. Just what the Tobins are worth no one pretends to guess. They hold a big block of shares in that tremendously wealthy concern, the Hibernia Bank, and are also large real estate owners. At present the family is in deep mourning for Colonel Tobin of the Third Regiment, whose lamented death occurred recently. The second daughter, Miss Cecelia Tobin, still an *élève* of the Madames of the Sacred Heart is a prospective belle. Her debut however will not take place for over two years to come.

"Miss Mary Murphy of San Jose is a daughter of Senator Bernard Murphy, the well known capitalist. She is petite in figure and possesses a very sweet and agreeable disposition. She inherits much of the excellent sense and cleverness of her mother. Senator Murphy's wealth is estimated at least at two million and Miss Murphy will come in for a fair share of it. The family residence is one of the most beautiful in San Jose being surrounded by most extensive grounds.

"The Misses Lillie and Maud O'Connor are more or less on the social swim. Their father, Commodore Con O'Connor, is reported to have amassed a very considerable share of the world's goods and when he dies the girls will be comfortably provided for; opinions, however, differ about the figure.

"Miss Arcadia Spence is worth a hundred thousand dollars if she is worth a nickel. Her father died some time ago leaving a large fortune invested in land, made mainly in the banking business. Miss Arcadia is a very petite blonde, not beautiful but quite well able to take care of herself socially.

"Miss Ada Sullivan is the sole remaining member of the handsome Sullivan family. She is a tall, handsome blonde, of fine physique, resembling her sister, Miss Belle. She is very much admired. Her fortune is estimated at anywhere between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars.

"The extent of Miss Mamie Lynch's dot is hard to approximate, but can be safely placed anywhere between sixty thousand dollars and the century. She resides on Gough street in one of the palatial residences which adorn that boulevard. She dresses with great taste and distinction. Miss Lynch owns a great deal of property on the south side of Market street.

"I am afraid I have used the term belle so indiscriminately that its force is partly lost; but I apply it once more and in the infinitive to the three Miss Rylands, of San Jose, Miss Ada, Miss Hattie and Miss Norma. Their father is the well known banker and land-owner, and they reside in one of the handsomest edifices in Santa Clara county. The two eldest are graceful, stately girls, brunettes, with dark hair and grey eyes. Miss Norma is a blonde. They are highly cultivated, and are very exclusive, having the entre of the first set in San Francisco. Mr. Ryland is reported a millionaire several times over, and besides their dower of beauty and refinement, his daughters will have dots of many thousand dollars each.

The Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, are very highly cultivated young ladies, who put on style commensurate with their father's wealth, which is well up in the millions. They reside in a magnificent house, whose furniture is remarkable for its good taste and refinement. Mr. Pierce made his money in mining in Smartsville. His investments now include real estate, street railroad and water-works in various parts of the State. The Misses Pierce dress exceedingly well, and will not disgrace the *menage* of England's proudest earl should that very irreproachable individual happen to fall in love with either during their contemplated European tour.

It was no easy task to find out about the girls from Los Angeles who pay periodical visits to San Francisco, but I have a few here whose names on a check are good for many thousands of dollars. First among them are the Childs—Miss Emma and Carrie—daughters of O. W. Childs, one of the richest of Southern California capitalists. Both are beauties, and the elder, Miss Emma, is regarded as one of the brightest conversationists on the coast. Rumor has Miss Carrie engaged to Frank Hicks, son of Mrs. Judge Hicks and it is said the wedding will take place some time in the spring. Mr. Childs is supposed to be worth at least two million of dollars.

The Bradbury family, of Los Angeles, are fabulously rich. They reside in a magnificent mansion with beautiful grounds and have no end of carriages and servants. Miss Rose Bradbury, the eldest daughter, is a blonde of the Spanish type, possessing a pair of the prettiest and merriest black eyes I have ever seen. She is a delightful girl, unaffected, unassuming, rides splendidly and is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He who wins her might esteem himself lucky were she dowerless. Some idea of the Bradbury wealth may be had when it is said he owns much of the town sites

DEL MONTE WAVE.

of Duarte, Monrovia, on the California Central, besides many thousand fertile acres in Mexico. The residence of Governor Perkins, in Oakland, is a portion of the estate. The bulk of their enormous income is derived from a celebrated mine in Mexico, of which Mr. Bradbury owns seventeen shares out of twenty. Mrs. Hopkins Searles and Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt own one each.

"Miss Lulu Glassell is one of the reigning belles of Southern California. She is a niece of Mrs. Dr. Toland and is immensely wealthy both in her own right and prospectively. She is a blonde with perfect features, blue eyes and black hair. She is an accomplished equestrienne, and a sparkling conversationist. Her father is a railroad attorney. Miss Glassell may be appraised at \$500,000.

"Miss May Banning, is a daughter of the late General Banning. She resides with her mother at their country seat, near Wilmington. She is a blonde, with brown hair and a very straight erect figure. Her particular forte is horseback riding. Her dot will be in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

"Miss Inez Shorb is another of the reigning beauties of the Southern metropolis. She is a blonde, and her exquisitely moulded figure has been the theme of endless compliments. Her father J. de Barth Shorb, is one of the leading wine men of the state, and his extensive vineyard and winery at San Gabriel have been frequently written about. Miss Shorb will be heiress of many thousand dollars.

"Miss Daisy Rose, a daughter of the Senator, well known as a viticulturist and race horse owner, is one of the sweetest and most amiable girls south of Tehachapi pass. Though not so beautiful as other Los Angelans, she is clever and highly accomplished. She, too, will bring her husband a tidy dot.

"Miss Dibblee and Miss Panchita Dibblee of Santa Barbara, are among the most refined and accomplished young ladies in California. Their father, Thomas Dibblee, is a member of the well known commission firm of this city, while their mother is a scion of the famous De La Guerra family of Santa Barbara. They are immensely wealthy, and reside in a beautiful house in Santa Barbara. The decorations of its interior are as fine as any in the State. The Misses Dibblee inherit their beauty from their mother, who was noted in her youth as among the loveliest women in America. They are tall with superb figures, and their hands and feet are uniquely small. They are highly accomplished having graduated from the famous Manhattanville Convent in New York.

"Miss Ysabel Del Valle, is a beautiful blonde with large languishing black eyes and an exquisite figure. She is a sister of Senator Del Valle, and resides on the Camulos ranch, known to the reading world as the home of Ramona. Miss Del Valle is worth several hundred thousand dollars. Her eldest sister is married to Don Juan Foster.

"Miss Genevieve Mee, is the daughter of Judge Mee, who resides in a palatial residence near the corner of Broadway and Octavia. She is about nineteen years of age, is very bright, pretty and highly accomplished. She is an excellent pianist and knows a good deal more than the average society girl. Judge Mee is a very extensive land owner and is in with the Miller & Lux combination in several of their largest holdings. He laid the foundation of his fortune during the bonanza excitement. He was a friend of O'Brien and he utilized the tips that wily old manipulator gave him by doing exactly the opposite of what he was told. In three months he made \$95,000. Miss Mee has been a decided invalid nearly all her life, and until two years ago was compelled to use crutches. She is a blonde of fine figure and a most graceful dancer. She created quite a sensation at the Mardi-Gras ball in the Grand Opera House by appearing as shepherdess in a costume which was regarded as one of the most beautiful in the room.

"Miss Evelyn Carolan is a slender refined young girl with deep blue eyes and a perfect complexion. Her family are among the most popular society people in San Francisco, and the Cricket Club dances were inaugurated at their California street residence. The Carolans are reputed very wealthy. They are dealers in iron, and their down town establishment is well known.

"Miss Bertha Ralston is a pretty blonde. She is a daughter of the great Ralston of the California Bank, and if she only possessed what was hers by rights would be one of the wealthiest heiresses in the State.

"Miss Borel is a daughter of Anton Borel, the well known banker. She has not yet come out but will probably be among next year's buds. The Borels divide their time between their city home on Stockton street and the beautiful estate at San Mateo. Here there is a lake bordered with camellias and a grove of magnolias. Miss Borel will certainly rank among the beauties, when she makes her debut.

"Miss Annie Sessions, of Oakland, is a society girl of considerable pretensions. Her father is among the leading capitalists of Alameda county, and his wealth is set down as considerably over a million.

"Miss Edita Tucker, of Oakland, whose beautiful face appears among the WAVE's belles, is among the loveliest of Oakland's daughters. Her mother is very wealthy.

"I must not forget the beautiful young daughter of the renowned sugar refiner, Claus Spreckels. Miss Spreckels has not yet made her debut but she will certainly be among the belles immediately she comes out. She is a blonde, tall, graceful and refined, resembling her brother, Adolph. Her acquaintances say her disposition is remarkably sweet and agreeable. Of course she will come in for a share of the Spreckels millions, the number and extent of which, no one, perhaps not even old Claus himself, can tell.

"The Corbitts, Misses Nellie and Minnie, are among the best known of city society belles. They are handsome, graceful young ladies and their finely developed figures are much admired. Their father is very wealthy, having made his money in the wholesale grocery and shipping business. They have a beautiful home at San Mateo, and here is the famous breeding farm wherefrom so many celebrated racers have emerged. The Misses Corbitt are expert horsewomen and swim and play tennis with admirable grace and skill. It is not to be doubted but that their fortune will be worth having.

"Miss Lena James of Paso Robles, whose parents own the best part of the town of that name beside the far-famed springs, is a very pretty blonde, whose brilliant eyes and golden tresses have won her many an invalid's heart. Besides she possesses a very fine voice and is certainly entitled to rank as one of the attractive damsels in the Salinas valley. She will be very wealthy.

"Miss Edith Taylor, a belle of several seasons, is the daughter of Captain Taylor of the Rison Iron Works. She is among the brightest society girls in the city, has a strong will and is certainly the leader among the younger set. While she can hardly be called beautiful, she has bright eyes, light golden hair and is possessed of a thorough knowledge of the art of dressing. Miss Taylor is a California girl clear through and will undoubtedly be wealthy.

"Miss Minnie Houghton is a daughter of General John F. Houghton of the Home Mutual Insurance Co. She is tall, slender and very graceful, and is among the most popular of society girls. She has just returned from an eastern trip. The exact dimensions of her wealth are hard to determine.

"Misses Blanche and Eva Castle are the feminine descendants of the well known Castle family, whose handsome home on the corner of Sutter and Van Ness Avenue is so much admired. They are very charming girls; have been thoroughly educated and are very much sought after in society. Castle Bros. is one of the largest grocery and commission houses on the coast.

"Miss Helen O'Brien of Smartsville is the daughter of James O'Brien, the mining man of Smartsville, whose wealth is computed at over half a million dollars. Miss O'Brien is a pretty blonde, very bright and accomplished and a clever horsewoman. She is also a good musician. She will probably be an heiress to the extent of \$75,000 at the very least.

"Misses Fanny and Emma McClatchy of Sacramento are among the belles of the State Capital. They are both bright and clever, particularly the former, who is really a clever painter. They will be heiresses to the extent of \$75,000.

"Miss Lilly Briggs is a Los Angeles heiress. She is a

pretty blonde, very piquant and vivacious. Her fortune is estimated at half a million.

"Miss Agnes Wheeler, whose father is a well known mining man, is a tall, handsome blonde with a fine figure. She is said to be in the \$75,000 list.

"Miss Minnie Matthews is the only daughter of the well known Oakland capitalist. She is a demi-blonde bright and an excellent conversationist, and is noted for the possession of a very lovely skin. Her father is worth \$100,000 at the very least. Miss Matthews is now in Europe, but is expected home shortly.

"Miss Tiny McLaughlin is a San Jose belle. She has just graduated from the Sacred Heart Convent at Oakland and is now installed in her father's handsome house on 7th Street, San Jose. The McLaughlins are very wealthy, owning real estate and bank stock to the value of several hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Katie Hittell is the daughter of the well known historian, capitalist and pioneer, who has a million acres of land in various parts of the State to divide among three children. Miss Hittell is exceedingly clever, has a considerable share of literary ability. While she might not be a belle at the German, she would shine in company where small talk is not the supreme test of popularity. Mr. Hittell is said to own nearly the whole of Mt. Diablo.

Miss Tonie Bondman is another young lady who will be rich by and by. Her father is Julius Bondman, of the Giant Powder Company. She is one of several children, and in face bears resemblance to her mother, who is rightly called the handsomest Mrs. Bondman. Miss Tonie is short and stout like her father, with dark eyes and hair. She is an expert swimmer, and drives a spirited horse with the air of one well accustomed to the ribbons. She was educated in San Francisco; her father is a German, her mother of Spanish descent. Her brother, Charlie Bondman, married the heiress Miss Otelia Mann years ago.

Miss Annie Bliss will come in for a good share of this world's goods—some day—for Miss Annie's father, G. D. Bliss, is a capitalist with large landed and cattle interests in the interior of the State. She is a very pretty blonde.

Miss Kate Jarboe, tall, stately, with a clear-cut cameo profile, is the only daughter of Jno. K. Jarboe, of the firm of Jarboe, Harrison & Goodfellow. It is likely that she will inherit a fortune from both parents.

"Miss Grace Rideout is the daughter of that shrewd smooth banker, N. D. Rideout of Marysville. She is a tall, fair girl, with brown hair and is ranked among the beauties of the northern part of the State. She has been most carefully educated, having spent four years at Vassar as a species of finishing touch. She has had an European tour. Undoubtedly Miss Rideout will be among the most popular society girls when she enters local ranks. She is very quiet and unassuming and has none of the airs and graces that some of the youthful millionaires are noted for. Mr. Rideout is very rich, owning several banks in the northern part of the State, besides much valuable land in the Sacramento valley. The family have a magnificent house in Marysville and reside in their new home at the northwest corner of Washington and Gough Streets. This is known as the Parrot house and it will be the scene of several receptions during the season."

Besides these, my dear boy, there are numberless others about whose fortunes I have less information. There are the Misses Hamilton, whose father is a member of the well known hardware firm of Baker & Hamilton. The Misses Callaghan, daughters of the late D. Callaghan of the First National Bank. The Misses Butler, daughters of P. F. Butler, the capitalist. Miss Pond, the daughter of Mayor Pond, and dozens of girls up and down the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. Make what use you please of this, my dear boy, but, for goodness' sake, try to persuade the governor to send me a little money. To tell you the truth, I am reduced to my last "pony" and the landlady here, who, by-the-way, is very accommodating, has intimated that she would like something towards her bill. Love to all. I am,

Yours, —



A MERE PROVINCIAL.

BY LINDA LYNDE.

"You have stolen my husband!"

The lady who thus spoke was tall, pale, severely dressed in a black gown, which fitted closely to her figure, and rose to her throat. She stood erect and dominated a little person who was decked in laces and ribbons, with powder on her face, and color in her cheeks and lips—a little creature so seemingly artificial, so palpably a creation of the dressmaker's skill, that she reminded one of a doll. A cynic could not help fancying that it would be as cruel to undress her as to pluck the feathers of a canary bird. She sat in a cosy arm-chair in her parlor on the fourth story of a fashionable hotel, and she fixed her eyes, with an expression of saucy sarcasm on the face of her visitor, as she answered the latter's fierce arraignment.

"My dear Mrs. Livingston, how impetuous you are! I won't deny, as one or two of my letters seem to have fallen into your hands, that there has been rather a lively flirtation between Mr. Livingston and myself. He is so fascinating, and I am so susceptible. But frankly, dear, does a trifle of that kind warrant you in dashing into my rooms in such a tragic way, with such violent speeches? You must be reasonable. Almost all married women have to put up with the little tribulation of which you complain. You surely did not expect that a handsome man of the world like Mr. Livingston was going to play Darby to your Joan throughout life. If he hadn't taken a fancy to me he probably would to some one else, and he might have chosen a person who would have given you more annoyance than I shall. He might have been captured by an actress, or a ballet dancer, or some low person, who would have disgraced him and you. Really, I think you ought to be grateful to me for having spared you such risks. At any rate you musn't imagine we are playing tragedy. I can assure you, I don't care two pins for Mr. Livingston, and if you are concerned about our flirtation, I will forbid him the door. I am the most accommodating woman in the world. I wouldn't quarrel with you, dear, for any man living. Let us shake hands. You won't? And how pale you are! Sit down. I'll order lunch here, and we'll make friends over a cup of chocolate. Won't you?"

"I thank you. I think not."

And the tall lady in black was graver than ever, as she fixed her honest, truthful eyes on the face of the gay butterfly who sat in front of her. Her gaze was so stern that the doll-woman shrank, and a little shiver went through her, and her voice almost trembled as she asked:

"May I not ring for a glass of water?"

"It is not necessary, Mrs. Pembroke."

"At least you will sit down?"

"That also is needless. What I have to say can be said standing." Her voice was low, but quite steady, and the hand which rested on the back of a chair did not quiver in the least. "I must tell you, Mrs. Pembroke, that I am, I suppose, an extraordinary woman. I am in love with my husband. I was brought up in the country, with simple, old-fashioned notions. I had never cared for any one when Mr. Livingston began to pay his addresses to me, and when I married him I loved him with my whole heart. I have done so ever since. I have not been a tame, submissive wife. My love has been passionate, absorbing, fierce. We spent three years of unmixed happiness together in our country home; the

days and the nights were too short for the expression of our mutual love. I fear, madam, that you may not quite understand me, but we were simple people; our supreme happiness consisted in being alone together, holding each other's hands and looking in each other's eyes. Many an evening we thus spent together leaning on a window-sill, looking at the stars, and speaking to each other in half whispers. One day business required Mr. Livingston to visit the city, and I accompanied him. He belongs, as you know, to one of the oldest families in the country. He felt it due to himself that he should entertain, and we did so. It was thus that I received you under my roof. I hated society. I mistrusted it from the first. I felt that it was false. But I had to entertain it, and with it—you. You were pretty. You dressed in the style which attracts men. You were familiar with the jargon of the fine world, which was a sealed book to me. You came and you stole my happiness, my future, my life. Do you imagine I am one of the women who forget? Never. You have killed my hopes of that happy return to our country home, which consoled me when the world wearied me. There can never be a happy home for me again. I can never more lean on the window-sill, watching the stars, with him at my side. It would fill me with horror to touch the lips which your lips have soiled. I can never again rest in arms which may have clasped you. I can love him no more, for he chose between us, and preferred you. In my heart there is no room henceforth for joy or hope. I am like a nun who learns unexpectedly that there is no God.

"All this because you are pretty, and dress well, and have little blonde curls behind your ears, and put on your neck and arms powder which I afterward find on my husband's coat. True, you kindly offer to break off with Mr. Livingston. You are even gracious enough to advise me to let bygones be bygones, and you carry civility so far as to invite me to lunch. That would be delightful, indeed. Very delightful. But I fear I must deny myself the pleasure."

Mrs. Livingston spoke quietly, in low tones, but there was an undercurrent of anguish in her voice which more than once threatened to arrest her articulation by a torrent of sobs.

Mrs. Pembroke, at first shocked, was then terrified. There was something in her visitor's face which frightened her.

"What," she stammered, "what do you propose to do?"

Mrs. Livingston smiled bitterly, but did not speak.

"Did you," screamed Mrs. Pembroke, "come here to murder me?"

"What good would that do?" replied the visitor. "Your death would not alter the fact that he preferred you to me," and she moved slowly toward the open window, which, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, looked out upon the square.

"Then," stammered Mrs. Pembroke in an agony of terror, "what do you want?"

"Simply freedom—thus," and Mrs. Livingston sprang through the window upon the wet paving stones, four stories below.

The experienced clubman sat in the dining-room slowly consuming a few tid bits *M. le chef* had prepared for his exclusive delectation. A wineglass full of a golden fluid with "beaded bubbles winking at the brim," stood near his elbow.

"You seem to experience some special pleasure in drinking your champagne to-night," said a friend to him. "It's your usual brand, I suppose?"

"Indeed no," answered the clubman. "I have decided to drink nothing in future but Gold Lac Sec. Its flavor is delicious."

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REFORMED POETS.

The organization in this city some time ago of a number of well-known literary gentlemen as a "Reformed Poet's Association," was a step in the right direction. Only one regret can be felt by the many people who have watched the careers of the members of the worthy union. The movement stopped too soon. On the charter roll were the names of such well-known literateurs as Charles Homer Shinn, of the *Underhand Occasional*, Fred Emerson Brookes, author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb;" R. Pope Hammond, author of the type-written series, "How to Reap Wild Oats;" Loring Dryden Pickering, who dictated the sprightly verse on "Why the Raindrops Always Fall;" W. Longfellow Merry, author of "Lines on British Invasion from the Sea, and other Tails for the Marines."

It was suspected that these well-known poets, eminent in letters and mercantile pursuits, had not only been made, but had been made very badly. There was general rejoicing when it was learned that they had determined to reform themselves. Many knew they needed reforming, and every one hoped the change would be radical. It was understood that while the mental faculties of the members of the association were in their present condition poetry of a high order could not be expected from them; indeed it was never looked for. Much was hoped for from the organization, and it was hoped the half-born poets would come forth fully equipped for their canter on Pegasus. But, alas! only one meeting was held. Charles Homer Shinn called it to order. Said he:

"Now, gentlemen, please stop your talk; who can't do that, may take a walk. Oh, pray, excuse me, gentlemen, for speaking in rhythm now and then."

Unto him spoke R. Pope Hammond, thus:

"Oh, certainly, we'll you excuse, if you the privilege won't abuse."

And then W. Longfellow Merry:

"The man who talks in rhythm here, must instantly forfeit the beer."

Messrs. Fred Emerson Brookes and Loring Dryden Pickering, in chorus:

"That's right, you bet; hear, hear! hear!"

Mr. Shinn dropped two bits in the slot, and five glasses of steaming beer appeared on the dumb waiter. This being consumed with much smacking of lips. The President said:

"The business that we have in hand is urgent; this you understand. Upon this day an oath we take, that no more poetry we will make."

Chorus of voices from Pickering and Brookes:

"You bechyer life, we pass the cake."

Continuing, Mr. Shinn remarked:

"Although we're fond of being heard, after this day we write no word that may be thought poetic verse. Hereafter, prose for me—strong, brief and terse."

Chorus of voices from Brookes and Pickering:

"You bechyer life, we want it terse."

R. Pope Hammond had this to say:

"If my trained ear knows rhythmic sound, in your remarks meter was found, and you owe the beer."

Chorus of voices from Brookes and Pickering:

"You bechyer life; hear, hear! hear, hear!"

Mr. Shinn's two bits rattled down the slot, the dumb-waiter reappeared with the refreshments.

W. Longfellow Merry, placing his hand on a spot near which the beer would be expected to lie, said:

"By this strange fire within my breast, by these hot pains by which I'm pressed, by this queer form of harsh unrest, I feel poetic."

Chorus of voices, from Pickering and Brookes, in a whisper:

"Hush! Hush! he feels ecstatic. Another beer. You bechyer life."

Mr. Merry's head sunk upon his breast, much to the disgust of the chorus, who hoped he would break the rules against poetic rhythm. Mr. Shinn had found an old copy of some magazine, and was clipping it for the *Underhand*. R. Pope Hammond had gone to investigate the internal economy of the dumb waiter. Seeing that there was nothing more to be gained from waiting, the chorus, arm in arm, left the hall, wailing "We won't go home 'till morning," and so the Reformed Poet's Association died.

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

Governor Waterman was recently shown a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte surrounded by his generals. He proposes to have Tom Hill paint a big canvas of himself, surrounded by his Colonels.

Brigadier-General Napoleon Cutting, the well-known fire-eater, has sent to Damascus for a new sword. It is to be of the finest steel. He is now engaged on his autobiography; it is being set up on a typewriter.

Leslie Martin, the charming young pianist, is one of the slender majority among local musicians who know more than their notes. Besides being an excellent performer, Mr. Martin is well up in art and literature.

The "Up, Guards, and at them!" of Wellington will keep the memory of Waterloo ever green in the minds of soldiers. The famous sentiment ascribed to Colonel Dickinson, at a military banquet recently, takes rank with it: "The militia of the State of California," he said, "will never leave it—unless in case of an invasion." From the Commander of the Second Regiment, this is an authoritative statement.

Jim D. Phelan addressed a Democratic meeting in New York, and said: "He who considers politics beneath him, then is patriotish above him." Members of the Young Men's Democratic League will recognize this as an old favorite. It appears in every one of his orations. It is said that Mr. Phelan can shake hands more daintily with two fingers than any other capitalist in California.

People who only know J. A. Fillmore slightly, think he's too good a fellow to be a great railroad man. His associates say he can get through more business, in a given time, and can decide a knotty point quicker than any man at Fourth and Townsend streets. He has a wonderfully retentive memory, and knows every inch of the Southern Pacific track from Portland to El Paso, and from Ogden to Oakland.

Colonel Perric Kewen, of Sacramento, is talked about as a candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket, and the rumor is proving most disquieting to Republican politicians. It is generally admitted that if he openly declares his candidacy, there will be a great deal of difficulty in finding anyone to oppose him. Judge J. J. Maloney, of the Southern Pacific Company, spoke of Colonel Kewen to a friend as "a unique combination of Horace and Caesar."

George Bonney, of Shreve, has just returned from Europe, looking older than when he left us. He was showered with attentions by the crowned heads, hobnobbed with the Prince of Wales, and dined *en famille* with President Carnot. The most interesting incident of his tour was his visit to the Sultan of Turkey, with whom he became on most familiar terms. Indeed, the Sublime Porte insisted that he make Constantinople his residence, promising to assist him in the selection of a refined harem. To this, however, Mr. Bonney demurred. He admits that the Sultan is almost as great a connoisseur of feminine loveliness as himself.

Brands may come and brands may go but Mumm champagne will always be in demand among the cognoscenti. And yet in spite of its surpassing excellence it does happen that there are qualities in one vintage that are not discernible in that of the following year. It is the conclusion of connoisseurs that Mumm of the great vintage of 1884 has never been surpassed. Its flavor is delicious and its quality superb. The great winehouse of F. de Bary & Co. has purchased 200,000 cases, and an opportunity is thus afforded all who desire to obtain it. Ask for Mumm and insist on having the '84 vintage.

Music lovers are promised a rare treat at the concert on Wednesday evening, January 8th, 1890, at Irving Hall, when Miss Lena Devine makes her first appearance here after an absence of five years. This young and accomplished artist is a native of San Francisco, but has spent much time in Europe, where she was a pupil of the celebrated Maestro Lamperti. She has sung with notable success in the great cities of the continent, and was received with much favor in London. She has assisted the foremost musicians of the day in concert, and has won praise from the greatest. Her voice is a soprano of high quality and is under the most perfect control. At the concert of Miss Devine, Mrs. H. J. Stewart will make her re-entré as a solo pianist. He is considered one of the most accomplished on the coast.

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UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Everyone saw the road the young wife was taking—everyone but her husband, old, feeble, and engrossed with his inventions. I never knew why she wedded Finlay Gregory; he was beyond loving, and she knew what marriage meant. It was not for his wealth—she had money of her own; it was not for lack of suitors—she could have had a dozen eligible men, and it was well known that Wallace Gregory, the old man's nephew, had asked her for her hand.

Some time before the ceremony the young man left the house of his uncle. Old Gregory tried to persuade him to remain, saying the presence of his wife would hardly make up for the absence of his nephew. But Wallace was a frequent visitor after the wedding, and within three months of the event people spoke of the relationship that existed between him and the young wife.

The blindness of the old man was pitiful. Some one spoke to him of the fact that his wife and nephew were always together.

"Ah," said he, "isn't it delightful. I feared I was going to lose Wallace when I took a wife, but you see how it is yourself, he is here oftener than he is at his own apartments, and they get on well. I think he was in love with her before my marriage, but I won her. I won her."

Some said it served the old fool right; the wisest men might be deceived, but only a fool would refuse to take a hint.

Mr. Gregory continued his inventions. He had discovered a writing fluid that would retain its color on the paper for a week and then disappear, leaving the sheet spotless and stainless. He was endeavoring to find a means of restoring it to the paper after a lapse of time, but, so far, had been unsuccessful. He used every chemical in his expensive laboratory, but without avail. The ink was valuable in so far as it faded after a short period, but for records it was worthless. He had found his way into the parlor one night, and was telling his wife and nephew of his failure, when the young man told him of a visit he purposed making to a city some distance away. Mr. Gregory expressed regret.

"But your aunt"—he always spoke of Mrs. Gregory in that manner to his nephew—"does not seem to grieve much. But, my boy, you never knew what a good wife you lost when you gained an aunt."

Mrs. Gregory and the young man looked at each other, but neither spoke, and after crowing in his foolish manner for a while the uncle withdrew.

A week later, when reading his mail, Mr. Gregory fell to the floor in a faint. He was in his laboratory, and the sound of his fall brought his valet to his side. He was soon revived, and began again to read the letter he held in his hand when he became senseless.

He finished reading it, looked at the address on the envelope and quietly tapped his bell.

"Tell your mistress there is a letter for her, here," he said to the maid who entered.

"She went out in the morning, sir, and won't be back until late," was the reply, and the girl passed out.

The old man seemed clothed in a new dignity as he arose from his chair and paced the floor. He appeared younger than before, and walked with firm and steady tread.

He stopped in the midst of his walk.

"How shall I kill him?"

Had he asked himself the hour, the words would have betrayed no more feeling. The

old inventor had a strange disposition. He put his head to one side, pursed up his lips, and closed his eye. That was his habit when engaged in thought. He trimmed the lamp, and sat down by his desk.

"Let me see," he said, "I might poison him. No one would know, as I could give him a subtle potion. But no. That would take too long. A knife—if I used that it would have to be in the back, as he could overpower me if I attacked him in front. And then I should wish him to know who killed him. Yes, he ought to know that. The pistol—but the noise, the people rushing in, the police with the handcuffs. Of course, this letter would protect me from arrest. They would not imprison me for killing the man who has betrayed me. I'm safe there. I can stand in front of him, remind him of my kindness to him, take delicate aim, show him I didn't want his life because he had stolen her love, but simply because he had won the woman who happened to be my wife—and then I'll kill him. Through the head? Yes, through the head."

The old man drummed on the table with the letter.

"I wish he'd come," he said. "It is too bad that some one else did not do this long ago. Every one knows he has given many cause to do it. I suggested —"

A knock on the door, familiar as his footsteps, bade the inventor prepare for the execution. His nephew stood before him as he said, "Come in."

"Ah, uncle, I knew you'd be here," said the young man.

"Back already, Wallace? I didn't—yes I expected you to-night. Did you enjoy the journey? But, of course, you did, because it makes you happy to get back. I see that in your looks."

"I'm delighted to be here again. But where's Ma—where's aunt?"

"She is out. Reach over for the decanter, and take some wine. You will need it before dinner."

When the young man turned around again he was "covered" with a revolver. He looked from it to his uncle's face, and unable to meet the eye of the old man, his gaze fell. His glance lit on the letter, and a smile touched his lips. Again he looked at his uncle; this time his gaze did not falter. He nodded toward the missive.

"Yes, it fell into my hands," said Mr. Gregory. "Of course, you know I did not open it unwittingly. It came with my letters, my paper-knife couldn't discriminate, and I had read it all before its slightest word was clear to me. I was very much shocked."

"Yes?" said the young man questioningly. There was no tremor in his voice; a faint sneer.

"I decided to shoot you when you arrived."

"You will be arrested, imprisoned, and probably hanged."

"Not with this letter as my defense. You feel as I do, that your conduct has been monstrous, devilish. You have led my wife astray, and —"

"Led your wife astray! If it hadn't been for your cursed passion she would have been my wife. I have not been blind to your true character, although you have deceived the world. You robbed me before I stole from you, and what she was to you she was to me."

The nephew's face was inhuman with passion, and he spat toward his uncle. The hand holding the revolver trembled, although Mr. Gregory's arm rested on the table.

"She told you?" he asked, with a sudden shortening of breath.

"She told me everything. How, with your

apparent fatherly tenderness, you gained her confidence; how you, with your cursed hypocritical ways, became her adviser, and robbed her of —"

The old man jumped to his feet, and on the instant the revolver exploded. The nephew tumbled forward, and fell prone on the floor. The bullet had entered his head between the eyes.

"This was his death warrant and my pardon," said the old man, quietly taking up the letter. He started, stared at the sheet of paper that was almost without a mark.

"Ah, he used the sympathetic ink," he said, coolly, "and, therefore," he added, thoughtfully, "I must have shot him by accident."

H. H.

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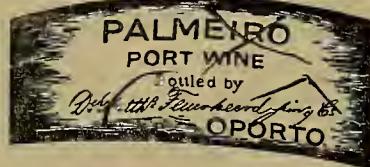


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FESTIVITIES AT DEL MONTE.

The arrangements for the midwinter festivities at Hotel del Monte have been completed, and are lacking in no detail, anything that made the celebration of the holliday season there last year the gayest and most enjoyable on the coast. Mr. Edward M. Greenway is the head of the committee that will prepare the way for the "farewell" and "hail" to the old and new year. A grand ball will be given on the last night of 1889, and 1890 will be ushered in with music and dancing. The ball-room will be ablaze with flowers of bright foliage; the hotel will be embellished with evergreens and palms, and the "compliments of the season" will be spoken amid surroundings gay and bright enough to guarantee a happy and prosperous year.

Many of the society people of the city will spend the hollidays at Del Moute. "Calling" on New Year's Day is obsolete, and the Four Hundred will receive away from home. Not a few will leave San Francisco within a very short time, and after the festivities will remain at Hotel del Monte for two or three weeks. There they will enjoy the perennial blossoming time of Flora. It is not alone in summer that flowers bloom at the Hotel del Monte; in the middle of winter the grounds are lively with the color of blooming roses, pansies and countless other flowers, while stretches of the tenderest plants, with callas and heliotropes in prominent lead, are seen on every hand. The marvelous ribbon beds, with minute details of infinite variety of forms and combinations, exist in all their beauty throughout the year; and the section called "Arizona," made up wholly of cacti, many of extreme sensitiveness to cold, remains continually in prickly and rebellious thrift. Ivy, honeysuckles and nasturtiums grow in rampant luxuriousness, kept in decorous limits only by the free use of shears. All the rare and beautiful flowering plants of countries south of the equator—of South America and the Cape of Good Hope, of Australia, of all the strange countries and islands over which hangs the Southern Cross—have found a congenial home in the grounds of the Hotel del Monte; during the winter months there may be seen in this vast flower garden plants that exist nowhere else, in Europe or North America, outside of some isolated and cramped conservatories, generally inaccessible to the public.

The hotel itself—here is found the culmination of refinement, ease and wholesome luxury. Wide verandas afford delicious lounging places and means for gratifying the gregarious instinct; for here congregate the guests in winter to enjoy the bright warm scenery around. Another favorite lounging place, particularly in the evenings, is the lobby, where the office is,—a great wide room with a huge open fireplace in which burns an oak-wood fire nearly every evening and early morning in the year.

The following were among the guests who enjoyed life at the Del Monte during the past month:

W. W. Chase and wife, Wm. Wolff, B. Burke and wife, L. Gieson and wife, W. H. Snow, F. M. French, S. D. Toes, Mrs. H. D. Towellotte, C. W. Eldredge and wife, F. Jansen and wife, W. B. Tyler, Geo. W. Reed, T. P. Andrews, R. M. Tobin, Mrs. M. E. Fletcher, A. B. Williamson, R. Balfour, wife and son, L. Zaud, E. S. Pillsbury, Edw. R. Taylor, J. M. Seawell, W. S. Eisner, F. B. Westcott, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Bennett, W. L. Brown and wife, C. O. Stevenson, John Hammond, San Francisco; A. Grant, Washington; W. R. Robins and wife, New York; W. H. Byam, Chicago; Geo. Harding and Miss Harding, Philadelphia; J. T. Lester and wife, Dr. G. A. Hall, Miss Sheldon, Chicago; John Charette and wife, Ontario; G. K. Hamblin, Boston; Mrs. H. M. Dudley, W. M. Wilson, Chicago; E. R. Stockwell and wife, Stockton; G. E. Maswell, Coronado; G. E. Harding

and wife, Philadelphia; Mrs. W. A. Downing, Miss M. Downing, Karny, Neb.; Miss E. A. Temple, Lexington, Neb.; H. T. Bellsmit, New York; Edward W. Potter, Buffalo; A. Smith, New York; J. T. McDonnell and wife, Portland, Or.; F. Beadel, New York; S. B. Smith and wife, Norwalk; J. A. Eddy, Colorado; P. W. White and wife, Wicenden, Mass.; S. Stagg, New York; A. Eberhardt, City of Mexico; L. W. Gilliland and wife, F. Dickson and wife, Portland, Or.; J. D. Perkins and wife, Philadelphia; O. W. Stager and wife, Reading, Pa.; H. Potts, John Rice, Pottstown, Pa.; E. F. Coe, T. B. Kerr, New York; W. A. McNeill and wife, Chicago; H. W. King and wife, Cleveland; Mrs. A. O. Tyler, G. S. Tyler, Cincinnati; H. Kiper and wife, Atchison, Kansas; F. L. McKee, Indianapolis; Dr. G. Del Arno, Los Angeles; F. Palmis, Guatemala; W. A. Todd, Scotland; Mrs. Hugh Mac Millan, Miss S. C. Mac Millan, Chicago; S. T. Topus, Denver; J. Havington and wife, Portland, Or.; F. H. Keen, Philadelphia.

HOW THE THING WAS DONE.

BY VERITAS.

"Sweet heart and true,
What would you do
If you and I were one?
Pray tell me now,
With solemn vow,
Before the thing is done.

"Will your love last
While years roll past,
Thro' dark or bright life's sun
Through smiles and tears,
Through hopes and fears,
Until the goal is won?

"Through weal or woe,
Through winter's snow,
Through Spring and summer, on
When autumn yields
Leave barren fields,
And reaper's work is done?"

"I'd love —ah, well,
What need I tell—
You know it's just in fun,
For love, they say,
Soon runs away
After the thing is done."

"You'd love: if true,
And that's your view,
Now all my fears are gone,
What would you say
If Parson Gray
To-morrow make us one?"

"Ah, now, dear John,
I think you're gone—
Dead gone on me 'tis true.
If that's your wish,
Why, hook, the fish
And let him splice us two."

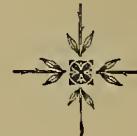
Without delay
To Parson Gray
We started on the run,
He tied the knot,
As quick as thought,
And now the thing is done.

A CLEVER PHOTOGRAPHER.

There are photographers and photographers, just as there are artists and artists. The successful manipulation of the camera is no easy task; it requires skill, care, and above all, experience. Among all depictors of Pacific Coast scenery, Watkins has perhaps gained the greatest reputation. He seems to have the happiest faculty for selecting delightful bits and all his work shows exceeding care. I suppose he has pictured everything that is scenically notable from Siskiyou to San Diego, and his collection is one of the very finest in the world. No tourist visiting these shores should fail to visit his photographic parlors under the Palace Hotel. Several of the finest views in the California scenery artotype were transferred from nature by Mr. Watkins' camera.

The Arlington is one of the best hotels in Southern California. Located at Riverside, it affords the Eastern tourist an admirable stopping place as he journeys along the coast. The large and handsome building is new; the many rooms are luxuriously furnished; the cuisine is excellent, and the Arlington lacks nothing that a first class hotel should have.

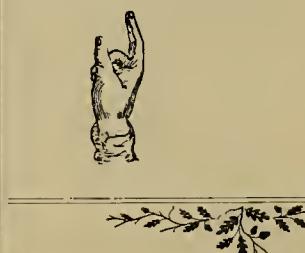
HELP THE POOR!



A wholesale mercantile firm on Market street, who prefer not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth, have contracted for this column of space, trusting that the spirit manifested in the wording may at least inspire someone to make some other one happy this Holiday season and thereby cause a realization of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive.



HELP THE POOR!



SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

The sky was bad, and the air chill. The rain pattered against the window panes and rolled in muddy torrents down the gutters. Moping over the glowing coals in the large open fire place sat the Maiden of High Degree, dissatisfaction and discontent expressed in every lineament of her high-toned countenance. So immersed was she in the melancholy void of her own thoughts that I entered and had taken a seat at her side, before she was aware of my presence. It is with exceeding grief I have to record that she yawned.

"And how are the Four Hundred," I asked humbly, "this happy Christmas time?"

"Individually and collectively they are engaged in lamenting the ascendancy of Jupiter Pluvius. Could enjoyment flourish in such weather?" she asked, mournfully. "Here in this region of blue skies and perennial summer, this down pour puts a damper on everything. The genius of California is opposed to rain, glory as it may in irrigation. No, sir; I have little to tell you, and all you can have from me will fit in brief compass."

"I had imagined that society was up and alive, determined to repair past deficiencies. At least, you gave me so to understand."

"I don't pretend to supply you both information and comprehension. It is fact, though, that frivolity was well under way when the rain set in. Since then it has a bedraggled look, and there has been a wholesale postponing of entertainments. Last week, for instance, in spite of the influences of the season, there were but two teas and one theatre party. I will admit that the teas were big ones, and that the *beau monde* was present at both, but, at the best, they are very unsatisfactory forms of entertainment. The hostess, clad in rich garments, and flanked by a small delegation of available belles, stands under the smilax-wreathed chandelier and smiles on the invited. An orchestra in the background pours forth a fixed modicum of music. The dining-room is also decorated with smilax, and there are the salads and ice creams, the meringues and the jelly cakes found with the accompaniment of claret, coffee and sometimes champagne."

"And is that all?" I murmured, in surprise.

"The entire programme, except, of course, that, when you have exchanged courtesies with your hostess and her staff, you are at your liberty to move around the room and examine the brie-a-brac, if there happens to be any, and the old masters."

"The old masters?" I repeated, in astonished tones. "Do you mean to say there are old masters in the society mansions of this city?"

The Maiden of High Degree smiled sarcastically, as she answered, that no California home was considered complete without at least two examples of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

"Our *beau monde* has a passion for art," she said, "and its appreciation is surpassed by nothing on the continent. It insists on age in everything but wine, and a picture to be really valuable must have a pedigree duly certified and attested, like that of a race horse."

"But there are not enough old masters to go round," I said, "and it is quite impossible to buy them good in Europe."

"I am afraid you are mistaken," she answered, "it is an undisputed fact that Italian artists are to-day turning out old masters by the bushel, just for the American trade. Many a time and oft has the Managing Matron taken me round her gallery to show me her Botticelli, and her Guido."

"If they are so profoundly impressed with ancient art, why do they not extend some of their ducats to modern artists? There is little prosperity in the local colony," I ventured to interlude.

"There is nothing of the romantic about such purchases," said the Maiden, haughtily, "and a picture to be really valuable in the eyes of the typical Californian, must have what is lacking in environment—association. The itinerant picture dealers, who occasionally visit these shores, are thoroughly aware of this native peculiarity and take advantage of it. The crowds that attend their sales are always composed of the great, and the value of the works of art on sale is entirely separate from their dignity, beauty or technique. That is why there are so many atrocities on the wall of California drawing-rooms."

"But a little more about the teas," I said. "Just a few more criticisms from your own high altitude."

"The next most disagreeable thing to attending a sombre entertainment of this character, is talking about it," she replied. "Since we last conversed there have been four so-called matinee receptions. All of the driest import. One at the residence of Mrs. N. G. Kittle; a second at the residence of Mrs. McKinstry; two more on Saturday last at the respective mansions of Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and Mrs. George Boardman, and the same coterie bowed their acknowledgments to each other at nearly all. Of course, it would be invidious to institute comparisons between the quality of Mrs. McKinstry's salads and Mrs. Boardman's smilax. Both were equally enjoyable, from separate points of view. Both ladies were ably assisted by their daughters, and Miss Laura's conversation is bright enough to relieve even the dullness of a high tea."

"And the Cricket Club?" I asked. "Is the young Recchabite association flourishing like the green bay tree?"

"The Cricket Club? Ah, yes. It is still in existence, on paper, but in reality is fading and failing into the dim, drear beyond," whispered the maiden, lowering her voice. "The

ambitious young ladies who inaugurated it are still ambitious, but are richer in experience. They have decided to adopt other means for the replenishing of the Engagement Column, and will in future leave the reforming of society to its natural leaders. Not to be too emphatic in my statement, I will only say the organization was a dismal failure. The dances were but poorly attended, and there was an admirable representation of the ineligibles rather than of the prosperous. The last party at Mrs. L. L. Baker's was most delightful, but I think that the Baker mansion is one of the most beautiful in the city. Its exterior is architecturally perfect. Its gables, porticos and windows are all in the same style—a rarity in this brilliant city. The interior, too, is most artistic; there are no poor pictures, nor bad statuary, nor garish decorations. All is rich and harmonious."

"From you, that is indeed a compliment," I said.

"I am averse to indiscriminate eulogy," answered the Maiden of High Degree, very loftily. "But speaking of the Cricket Club, reminds me of a conversation I heard the other day in a California street car. A tall blonde youth boarded it at the Kearny street junction and rode up with a pretty little lady whose parents reside somewhere between the two thousand and twenty-two hundred block. He was going to the Cricket Club dance, and was on his way to borrow a dress suit, if you please. Fancy, he did not have one. However, that is neither here nor there. The lady was very hospitable, and told him how sad it would make his many friends were he to stay away. The conversation continued, and the next chapter related to the young man's calling list. She asked him whether he had been to a certain house lately. He answered he had, and mentioned the date. 'Why are you so certain?' she asked. 'Oh, I was looking over my expenses the other day, and found an entry of five cents for car fare.' Brave man," continued the Maiden "just fancy keeping an account of one's car fare."

"How was the last German?" I asked.

"Very delightful, indeed," was her answer. "The usual crowd was there, and the entire list of the boys. These youngsters, I must say, are very oppressive, and I believe that is one reason why we are having so many teas this season—a plethora of three and four year-old belles and a paucity of matured and mustached beaux. Why, the boys who are now in the German Club are about the age and caliber we used to dance with at graduation parties, and their uppishness passes belief. I am afraid that Diogenes, with his lamp, would, if he were to enter the Cotillion Club, have just as weary and as fruitless a search after a man as he is said to have had in Ancient Greece. It was a military German that night, and Lieut. Towers was in command. The maneuvers reminded me of the evolution of the awkward squad at the Presidio. The affair was very suggestive of a drill. The Lieutenant led, with that very charming young lady, Miss Jarboe."

"The usual set was present, I suppose?" I interrupted.

"Yes, the same old crowd. All were attired in their best bibs and tuckers, and some of the girls looked exceedingly handsome. Miss Hager always looks well. Miss Carolan is a beauty. Miss Alice Boalt grows ever more popular, and is much in demand. Miss Smedburg and Miss Voorhies were in the first set. Miss Virginia Hanchette looked magnificent and was certainly a belle. Some of the debutantes are making a greater success than I expected they would. Notable among them is Miss Delphine Delmas, who is exceedingly fascinating, and already has many admirers. Miss Kittle, too, has already made multitudinous friends among the young men."

"How about New Year's week? I suppose it will be *en regle* to go to Del Monte?" I inquired.

"Yes, and I am glad of it. The flat has gone forth and there will undoubtedly be a big crowd there. Mr. Greenway has made up one large party, and James Brett Stokes is arranging another. Brandt will supply the music, and the decorations will be all that the most artistic could desire. Manager Schonewald, I believe, promises that the midnight supper after the ball will surpass anything and everything ever before attempted. The resources of the kitchen will be exhausted in the preparation of a Lucullan feast. I understand, too, that the baths are to be opened, so there will be no scarcity of occupation."

"Of course, you are going?" I said.

"Most positively. It would be sheer social suicide to be absent. I prophesy the presence of almost the entire Cotillion club. They tell me the grounds are looking beautiful, and the indications are for fine weather at that time."

"About latter day parties? How is the horizon this week?"

"Comparatively gay," was the answer. "The affair at Mrs. Williams, on Tuesday evening, was very delightful, and I was glad to see Miss Jolliffe's beautiful face among the dancers. To-night's German will doubtless be a great success, for George Newhall is popular among the ladies, and understands the art of floor management. His idea is for a general ball from 9 until 11, then supper, and after that a German figure or two until 1 o'clock. That I believe is the sum total of my information at this stage of the afternoon."

ADELINE.

The social event of last week was the great Polyclinic Concert in the Grand Opera House. The *beau monde* turned out in force, and some magnificent toilets were displayed. The programme was excellent, the entire musical talent of the city taking part in it. The Handel and Haydn and the Oakland Harmonic Societies also assisted. Notable among the selections were the violin solos of Camilla Urso and Henry Heyman, and the solos of Madam Sadowska-Peixotto and Madam Sanderini.

MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE

"White Seal"

Rich and Dry.

"Brut Imperial"

The finest Brut
Champagne in the World.

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LOUIS ROEDERER
Champagne

The Highest Grade Champagne
in the World.

WHITE LABEL,

"Carte Blanche," A Magnificent Rich Wine.

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"Grand Vin Sec," Perfection of a Dry Wine.

See that every bottle bears the private label of

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PERIER-JOUËT



Champagne

Extra Dry "Special"

Reserve Dry.

Brut

W. B. CHAPMAN,

Sole Agent Pacific Coast,

123 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Also Specialty Made of Fine

IMPORTED

CLARETS and SAUTERNES.

ETO., ETO.

HOW WE BOUGHT OUR XMAS PRESENTS.

We are a very happy family and I think our new house on Pacific Heights is as pretty a little home as there is in the city. We have just moved in and everything is new—carpets, tables, piano, curtains, and still my wife, who is very artistic in her tastes, is not quite satisfied.

"It is very delightful, my dear," she said, "but I miss something. We have no ornaments, no lamps, vases, or bijoutry of any kind. There are dozens of things we ought to have before the parlor will have that comfortable and homelike appearance, that you used to admire so much."

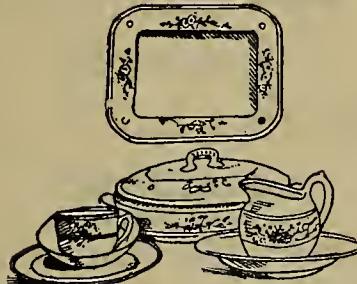
"I'll admit you are right, love," I answered, "but what are we to do? You know I am not rich, and here it is Xmas time, with presents for you all to buy."

My wife was silent for a moment and then she said, "I have a happy thought. Instead of spending money in purchasing our presents, why not spend it on our house. We will each make our new home a gift, and it will be something useful and ornamental."

After looking over the treasurer's accounts I found there was just a little more than \$100 available for Christmas, and with this in hand we started out, undecided where to go. At last my wife suggested Nathan, Dohrmann & Co's, or Sutter street, below Kearny. We had passed by the store several times and had gazed into the three great windows, so filled with art treasures. We went inside and I must confess to a feeling of bewilderment as I glanced around. Such a quantity of goods, and all so neatly arranged. Ornaments of every kind, vases, lamps, bisques, articles *de vertu* in marble, brass, bronze and silver—costly China enough to furnish out Aladdin's palace. It was an *embarras de richesses*. We wandered around, becoming more bewildered every moment, until our predicament was discovered by a salesman who happened to be disengaged, and he took us in hand. After that we had smooth sailing, for our mentor seemed to know exactly what we wanted. My wife commenced the campaign by telling him we had just \$100 to spend, and were desirous of getting goods for our house.

"A dinner set is out of the question," said my wife. "They cost at least \$75."

"Indeed they do not, Madam," said the salesman politely; "why, you can buy a handsome English decorated dinner set for \$15, and here is a real China hand painted set of 100 pieces for \$30, and it is the best that money will buy in the store."



"We want goblets next, I think. We ought to have at least a dozen."

"Buy a set," said the salesman. "You can buy three dozen tumblers, one dozen each size, of this fine Bohemian crystal, handsomely engraved in the bird-nest pattern, for \$5.00; or in the same pattern, twelve goblets, twelve claret, twelve wines, and a pair of quart decanters, all for \$10.50."

"How about a piano lamp next?" Suggested our mentor.

"Too high for our means," we answered together.

"Not at all. Here is a handsome extension, polished brass lamp to stand on the floor—only \$12."—and we bought it also.

We had only spent \$52.50 and were doing splendidly.

"Now for my little girl. She has to give her mother a gift."

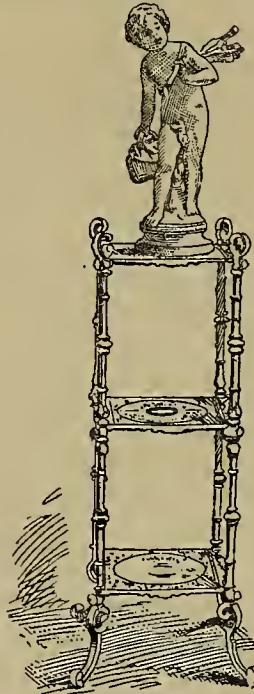
"The very thing," he said, bringing us in front of a dainty 5 o'clock tea kettle with a wrought iron frame—the most artistic thing I had seen in a long time. It was finished off with a shining copper kettle and a spirit lamp. We were speechless when he said the price was \$5. We thought it would at least be \$10.

After we bought a pretty mirror, for the little one, paying only \$4.50 for it, and then a hammered brass umbrella stand for \$3 more, though one nearly as pretty could have been had for \$1.50. After that it was grandma's turn, and after due reflection the salesman suggested a tea set. He showed us a set of 56 pieces of thin French China, egg shell cups and saucers, delicately painted. We decided on it, too, for to our astonishment it only cost \$10.



We then had our bill made out and found we had only spent \$75. We had \$25 more to spend. Remembering that cousin Kate was to be married in January, I inquired for a suitable wedding present.

"What about this oxidized bronze statuette called 'Love's Messenger,' costing only \$18? Then, add three dollars to your hundred and buy this little three story table to set it on.



We followed his advice, having just spent \$103, getting therefor a collection of treasures that will add the finishing touch to our new home. We left thanking the lucky star that had led us into Nathan, Dohrmann & Co's magnificent store.

Wonder! Wonder!

Ladies call at the WONDER

1024 MARKET ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO,

for your Huts, Flowers, Feathers, etc. We have the largest stock, newest styles and the lowest prices.

RUCKER BROS.

LEADING

House Furnishers

61 to 67

North First Street, SAN JOSE,

CALIFORNIA.

All Connoisseurs agree that this brand has no equal.

Messrs. Fred'k de Bary & Co. have secured 200,000 cases of the famous 1884 vintage.

Trade supplied by

Jones, Mundy & Co.

16 FRONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

G.H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE.

GREAT VINTAGE OF 1884

G.H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY

“CRESTA BLANCA.”

SOUVENIR VINTAGES.

Some Facts Concerning the Wines which were Awarded a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

The public will always be interested in the progress of fine vintages, and more particularly to know something about those of California, which are achieving world-wide celebrity.

Cresta Blanca wines achieved a great victory at the Paris Exposition of 1889, winning a gold medal and being ranked by a jury of French and other foreign experts among the finest products of the world.

These wines began to attract attention as soon as they were shown in bottle, and the Sauterne Souvenir of 1886 was quickly exhausted. Last August the public appreciation was tested by a public auction of sample lots in Platt's Hall, which demonstrated that fine wines are everywhere appreciated by men of good taste. For the purposes of that auction, the producer, Mr. C. A. Wetmore, issued a circular, which is here reprinted on account of its general utility in imparting information.

MR. WETMORE'S CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO EPICURES, CONNOISSEURS AND BON VINANTS.

The undersigned, proprietor of Cresta Blanca, begs leave to call your attention to the subjoined price list of Cresta Blanca products, samples of which may be obtained at the State Viticultural Exhibition in Platt's Hall, 216 Montgomery street, where there is a Café and lunch-room for the accommodation of visitors. These products are of the finest quality, rivaling in excellence the most famous brands of Europe; but the stocks ready for use are yet quite small and inadequate to supply more than a limited local demand. Each succeeding year, however, the products will increase and enlarged demand may be satisfied. Californians should be the first to know and enjoy the rare possibilities of our favored clime.

CRESTA BLANCA.

Cresta Blanca is situated at the mouth of the cañon of the Arroyo del Valle, near Livermore, Alameda county, California. It is a tract of nearly five hundred acres of romantically diversified mountain and valley land, about one-half of which is suitable for culture. It was specially selected on account of soil and climatic conditions, which gave promise of the highest possible excellence in wine, olive and fruit products. It was the dream of the undersigned not only to equal, but also to rival the celebrated vintages of France, and also to produce the olive in its highest degree of perfection. How far progress has been made in these ambitious hopes, it is for the final judges, the epicure, the bon vivant and the connoisseur to determine.

This work has been necessarily a costly experiment and hope of financial success has been based on the belief that the American people will receive American products, equaling, in quality, high grade foreign importations, with patriotic pride, and will be willing to pay for exceptional qualities, as much, if not more, for the native growths, as they now do for favorite foreign brands.

In making a price list for the first Cresta Blanca vintages offered, consideration has been taken of the fact, which is not concealed, that some of them have not yet acquired their complete maturity in bottle; otherwise they should have been quoted much higher. In future, when all the condi-

tions for presenting them in their highest development are fulfilled, it is proposed to list them in value as they rank with different qualities of the best imported stocks. For this purpose, all vintages will be preserved separately, labeled truly and valued in accordance with their varying merits. It

is not expected that successive vintages will be uniform in quality; such a result would be contrary to all experience. No attempt will be made to make one vintage do service in supplying demand for a preceding one, which has become popular but which has been exhausted.

If this strictly honest method of dealing receives proper encouragement, it is intended to continue this business. If, however, fair dealing in fine goods should prove unprofitable, it is intended only to abandon the business altogether. Fine wines cannot be produced and distributed cheaply; neither can the stocks be enlarged at will. The business must necessarily be relatively small and expenses large. No open accounts will be kept; all customers are requested to settle bills promptly on presentation.

OUR TRADE MARKS AND LABELS.

It is one of our most serious difficulties when offering California wines, to invent suitable names and labels for vintages. To the world of consumers it is impossible to make known the distinctive merits of more than a comparatively few notable districts, and still more restricted must be the knowledge of particular vineyards. In old wine producing countries conditions of climate, and soil, and considerations of profit, have, after long experience, limited the cultivation in certain places to a few varieties of vines, and generally the productions in individual vineyards to one kind of wine; hence it is not necessary to describe Sauterne as a white wine, nor Medoc and Burgundy as red, neither is it often necessary to describe the kinds of wines produced by different vineyards in Sauterne, Medoc and Burgundy regions. In California, however, while we are acclimating in single districts and experimenting with the noble vines of all districts and countries, it is impossible yet to characterize the wines of Napa, Sonoma, Livermore, Santa Clara, etc. by any common descriptive term, as Medoc, Sauterne or Burgundy, and even in single vineyards we have the same confusion. If, for instance, from the Cresta Blanca cellar only one type of wine was supplied, it might be possible in time to make it known simply as Cresta Blanca, after the style of Lafite, Yquem, etc., but such is not the case; and it would be more difficult to name the product after the Livermore valley in which not only the celebrated vines of Sauterne, Burgundy and Medoc are cultivated by some and the Zinfandel, Reisling, Burger, Mataro, etc., by others, all making quite different types.

The leading distinctive characteristics of the highest grades of wines throughout the world are the direct results of certain selected varieties of vines, modified in quality by varying conditions of soil, climate and care in production. To such an extent is this true that these distinctive varieties transplanted into other districts and countries, where climatic and soil conditions are favorable, reproduce more or less, with equal care and skill of the vintner, the recognized qualities of the districts where they were first made famous.

It was the discovery of this secret that has enabled California to make progress in wine-making. To illustrate this principle let it be briefly said that if the vines of Burgundy were transplanted to Bordeaux and those of Bordeaux to Burgundy, the reputations of the districts would be immediately changed.

Custom recognizes certain peculiar characteristics in a Medoc (Bordeaux) claret, as it does in Sauternes, Burgundies, Cognacs, etc., and it is found that they are primarily dependent upon the varieties of vines cultivated. In California with the Reisling, Traminer and Gutedel we

reproduce, more or less, in degrees of perfection, the recognized characteristics of Rhenish wines; so also we find in recent years that we may, after selecting a suitable place, reproduce the Sauternes, Medocs, Burgundies, Cognacs, Oportos, Madeiras, Sherries, etc.

It is, therefore, in conformity with public taste and custom and without desire of appropriating foreign names that we may use general terms, such as Burgundy, Medoc, Sauterne, etc., in describing the kind of wine that we make in California, provided that such terms are so used that there is no deception as to the place of production. The general public could not find time to know all our wines by local names; such is not the case even in Europe, where wines with similar characteristics are classified under the popular terms.

The Cresta Blanca vintages, made up from the vines of the Cresta Blanca vineyard, and from similar stocks on immediately adjoining properties, will be made known as Cresta Blanca, but with also a distinctive term such as Medoc, Sauterne, etc., in connection with the use of the word *Souvenir*, indicative of the character of the vintages; and for this purpose trade mark is claimed for these terms. In future, it may be possible that Cresta Blanca will stand for one kind of wine which may need no other distinctive mark.

SOUVENIR VINTAGES NOW IN BOTTLE.

SAUTERNE SOUVENIR 1886: This is the first systematically produced vintage of full character *haut Sautern*, offered in this State. The vines were imported from Sauterne, France, and were planted in the proportions as practiced in Yquem. It is remarkable that this first product, being from young vines, should have matured to such high perfection in so short a time. This wine may be safely compared with the very highest grades of French wines; and what is more remarkable is the greater promise of the vintage of 1888 now developing in cellar. It is a pity that the supply of 1886 is so limited, as it may be exhausted long before the succeeding vintages are ready; but what there is of it is a veritable prize for the connoisseur's table, and if preserved a few months more in bottle will be unrivaled by any imported wine, however carefully selected. [N. B. This favorite brand was so much appreciated when first offered that the vintage was speedily drawn from the Cresta Blanca cellar and is now only to be seen in purchasers' hands. A later bottling will soon be ready.]

MEDOC SOUVENIR, 1886 A: This wine, limited also for similar reasons, is produced from varieties identical with those of Lafite, Leoville, Margaux and other Medoc vineyards and in proportions about the same as at Lafite. Owing to the rich development of sugar in the fruit of 1886 and some inexperience in gathering at the right time, this 1886 vintage is more full bodied than is often found in Medoc, resembling in this respect some of the qualities of a grand Burgundy, but in flavor, bouquet and hygienic properties preserving the unrivaled excellencies of the *grands vins* of Bordeaux. Its fullness of body causes it to develop more slowly than will the succeeding vintages when gathered at the right moments. It is now an extraordinary wine and needs no apology for its youth, which gratifies all tastes, which gives its promise of grand results to those who will keep it longer before using it. Indeed, it is only to satisfy partially the public demand for some demonstration of fine clarets that it is now partly bottled. If any complain on account of its youth, they may be sure that when it has arrived at full maturity it will rival wines valued at more than double its price.

[N. B.—There are two lots of this brand, owing their distinctive qualities to differences in the plots of land where the vines grew, and slight variation in the proportion of the Medoc varieties grown. Lot No. 1 has been first shown to

the public. Lot No. 2 is lighter in body and has more resemblance to a Leoville.]

MEDOC SOUVENIR, 1886 B: This is an experimental fine wine, produced from the same varieties as with the preceding, but with the association also of a grape from Maliran—a combination much prized for its durability and solid properties by Paris experts. It is preferred by some expert tasters above the 1886 A.

MARGAUX SOUVENIR, 1887: The Cresta Blanca wines of 1886 were produced from the first grapes of the imported wines grown on four adjacent vineyards in the Livermore district. These were suffered to mature, without attempting in fermentation to blend their qualities, into one quality of wine. In this way peculiar local characteristics were discovered. In 1887 observation of the 1886 wines enabled the producer to bring together wines that have developed the characteristics of Margaux wines. With age in bottle these wines will give great satisfaction to the consumer. In their present state of development, they already show their value, but only a small portion is bottled to gratify curiosity and to stimulate public faith in the improvements that are being achieved. It is a lighter wine than the 1886.

TABLE D'HOTE SOUVENIR, 1886: This is an attempted reproduction of a high grade Bordeaux table claret, superior to any ordinary growth of that character. Two varieties of grapes enter into its composition, which, by reason of greater fertility together with the same that produce the *Medoc Souvenirs*, enable the producer to present it at less cost. There is a demand for a really choice wine not costing more than six dollars a case, and under this brand it is intended to satisfy the public, not only maintaining, but also improving quality in future. There is no imported Bordeaux claret on the market equal to this at twelve dollars a case.

ALTO DOURO SOUVENIR, 1884: A fine old port of high grade is scarcely known in this county and much less is there any popular knowledge of the different qualities of vintages. In England only is there much taste shown in this line of noble wines. The common port of trade is simply a sweet claret preserved from fermentation by spirits, new, sweet and unwholesome. Among the higher grades of really fine port of the Alto Douro district of Portugal is classed what is known as *Bastardo*, taking its name from the grapes which produce it. The *Bastardo* is believed to be the same as the *Trousseau* of the Jura district of France, where by similar treatment it makes the celebrated *vins jaunes*. This *Trousseau* grape in California has been in small quantities tested experimentally, and everywhere makes a very high grade port, but varying in quality in different places. The Alto Douro Souvenir of 1884 hereby offered represent only a very small experimental lot which, in our valley, shows decided Madeira characteristics although a true port. Such a wine is rare and worthy the attention of lovers of fine rich wine for after dinner enjoyment.

SOUVENIR VINTAGES NOW IN CASK.

MARGAUX and MEDOC SOUVENIRS, 1888: These having been carefully nursed in small cooperage, in an underground cellar, which does not change two degrees in temperature during the whole year, have progressed in development astonishingly. They show promise of grand qualities. In their present condition they are ripe for transportation and could be shipped now to better advantage than when older. Only a few barrels can be spared for the purpose of permitting such sample shipments; the main stock will be reserved for bottling at the proper time.

MACON SOUVENIR, 1888: This is produced from genuine Burgundy grapes and resembles much the choice Macon table wines popular in Paris restaurants. It is a wine that matures early and is ready for bottling, with from twelve to eighteen months in cask. It then improves greatly in the

bottle. The Macon Souvenir 1888 is now in good condition for immediate use in restaurants, hotels and families. This will be mainly disposed of in barrel lots.

SAUTERNE AND YQUEM SOUVENIRS, 1888: These wines are developing rapidly and will surpass even the 1886 which was such a favorite.

SAMPLING OPPORTUNITIES.

It is preferred that intending purchasers should first satisfy themselves of the quality of these products before ordering cases. Opportunity is offered to purchase single bottles at the State Viticultural Exchange, at Platt's Hall, and can be tested in the Café there, and are also supplied to the guests of the Occidental restaurant on Bush street, between Montgomery and Kearney, Hotel del Monte, and other fashionable resorts. The wines will also be furnished, if so desired, in assorted cases.

CHAS. A. WETMORE.

CRESTA BLANCA,

LIVERMORE, CAL., August 28th, 1889.

A PRETTY SOUVENIR.

A very pretty Souvenir pamphlet, commemorating a festive occasion at which Cresta Blanca wines were used, was issued last summer. It contained the following verses from the *Rubaiyat*.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears;
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand years.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grapes
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

* * * * *
And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logie absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

* * * * *
Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain, —This Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

* * * * *
Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unsought Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

BRANDS NOW OFFERED.

From the catalogue of wine exhibits for use in the Viticultural Cafe, Platt's Hall, San Francisco, the following list of Cresta Blanca wines is copied together with the quoted retail prices for single cases:

CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR EXHIBITS.

CHAS. A. WETMORE, LIVERMORE, CAL.

VARIETY.	PRICE PER CASE
	QUARTS PINTS
Medoc Souvenir, 1886 A	\$12.00 \$13.00
Modoc Souvenir, 1886 B	9.00 10.00
Table d'Hote Souvenir, 1886	6.00 7.00
Margaux Souvenir, 1887	12.00 13.00
Cote d'Or Souvenir	6.00 7.00
Chateau Yquem Souvenir, '86	15.00 16.00
Haunt Sauterne Souvenir, '87	12.00 13.00
Sauterne Souvenir	6.00 7.00
Alto Douro Souvenir	1884 15.00 16.00
Old Trousseau Port	

VINTAGE OF 1889.

The Vintage of 1889, is larger and finer in quality than any preceding and will be looked forward to with great interest by all connoisseurs.

ROSS VALLEY.

At the very foot of old Tamalpais, in a nook of the winding foot-hills, Ross valley lies hidden. Through it there flows a sparkling stream whose source is high up the mountain side amid the pines and chaparral. It meanders an irregular course down the canyon and then curves in and out through the willows and alder groves of the lower valley, and all along its banks are ideal camping spots where the grass is green and the sunlight finds its way through the tented foliage. The very region was created for lovers and love making. The atmosphere, tempered by the overhanging mountain, is deliciously soft in winter and cool in summer, and all around are delightful walks where two can stroll arm and arm looking for the ferns and mosses that abound here. But besides these dainty nooks are others, where there are lovely natural lawns for picnickers with an abundance of shade from the spread oaks and white pines. Through the long days from May to November this beautiful valley is sought out by hundreds from the city, who escape with delight from the cold breezes and heavy sea fogs of the peninsula to the serener air of Marin county.

Up from the picturesque depot of the North Pacific Coast Railroad along the winding country road bordered by the pretty villa residences and gardeons of San Francisco merchants and capitalists, the visitor finds his way into this secluded retreat where harsh winds are unknown.

It is hardly possible to imagine tourists leaving San Francisco without a visit to Ross Valley. It is within a very few minutes' ride of the city, and on the way one catches glimpses of Sausalito, the tiny hillside city with its red-roofed villas and winding footpaths of old Tamalpais and the bay. The famous scenery of the North Pacific Coast Railroad commences at the seaside and continues all the way to Cazadero.

The School of Physical Culture.

The above institution is conducted by Prof. W. Smythe, Teacher of Physical Training. Address: at the Hall, 2426 California street, between Fillmore and Steiner. Dr. F. Cornwall, Medical Director. Address: 112 Grant avenue, between Post and Geary streets.

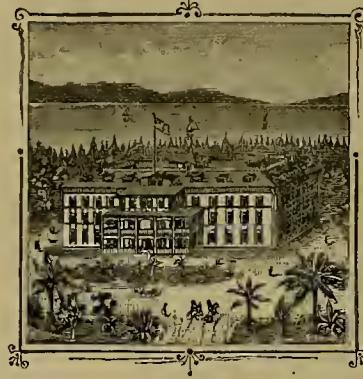
This institution has been in active existence for three months, the pupils being adult ladies. They are all enthusiastic regarding the results of their training. Some of them have been taken from the ranks of the invalids, others are, or were, simply delicate, and still others were misshapen. Class days are Tuesday and Friday at 10 a. m., and Monday and Friday at 4 p. m. There will always be some one in the hall between 10 and 12 o'clock, each day.

The originators of this institution have been impressed for a number of years by the indifference of most people regarding their physical forms, and by their lack of knowledge of the common laws of animal life, the violation of which has induced so much of ugliness and disease, and the observance of which will do so much to produce comeliness and establish health. They have also observed that, although the community are fully awake to the necessity of the systematic cultivation of the intelligence, they seem to forget that a good body is essential to a sound mind. In their children they are pleased by a precious intellect, not knowing that such developments are at the expense of the bodily health and longevity. By a number of years of experience they have come to know that those who are ungainly in their postures or forms may, by systematic and scientifically directed methods, have their unsymmetrical muscular parts balanced, and thereby their inherited deficiencies eradicated.

The diameter of the thorax (chest) may be increased several inches in those who seemingly have their growth, thus giving greater capacity for the vital organs therein. The abdominal muscles may be strengthened, enabling the individual to hold the viscera beneath in its proper place, and preventing the probability of hernia, so common among men. There are the hollow-chested and bow-backed; the pigeon-toed; those whose shoulders differ in height, in size and position, and those whose necks are slight and weak, &c., &c. All these conditions may be remedied, provided the individual is not afflicted with organic disease which precludes him from taking the proper exercises. They have noted the fact that those who most need training of this kind are the last to get it. Ladies, more than men, need opportunities to receive careful instruction, owing to the limited use made of their muscular systems, in their habits of life and their modes of dress, and from the fact that the male has the greater opportunity to receive instruction in gymnasiums.

EL CARMELO,

Pacific Grove, Monterey Co.

Embossed in
Pine Groves.Boating, Bathing
and Fishing.

TERMS, \$2.00 per day, \$12.50 per week.

El. CARMELO stands pretentiously upon the main entrance into Pacific Grove, and looks out upon the boulevard now as the Light House Road in front, and upon the broad Pacific from its rear. It is embossed amidst towering pines and aromatic shrubs and grasses which give forth perennial breaths and spices, and stands upon an exquisite plot in the upper centre of the Grove, from which drives and walks radiate in many delightful directions. It is a lovely home in the woods, where the balsamic odors from the pines and the ozone from the sea mingle with atmosphere and sunbeam at all times and at all points. At a glance, indeed, one can see that fresh air and sunshine may enter into and chase each other over every part of the house. The freshest of Carmel river water has been introduced into every apartment, and a sanitary system of plumbing has been carried into effect that instantaneously sweeps into the sea all sewage matter and leaves not the slightest vapor or odor behind. "El Carmelo" is lighted with gas manufactured on the premises, is three stories (and an attic) high, and has a frontage of something over two hundred feet. It has one hundred and fourteen rooms and will accommodate from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five people.



When Going East

TAKE THE EVER POPULAR

"OVERLAND ROUTE"

via the

SOUTHERN AND UNION PACIFIC RAILWAYS

Which is the most direct line to

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For tickets, rates or any detailed information apply to

J. B. KIRKLAND,

General Agent U. P. Ry,

1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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IN
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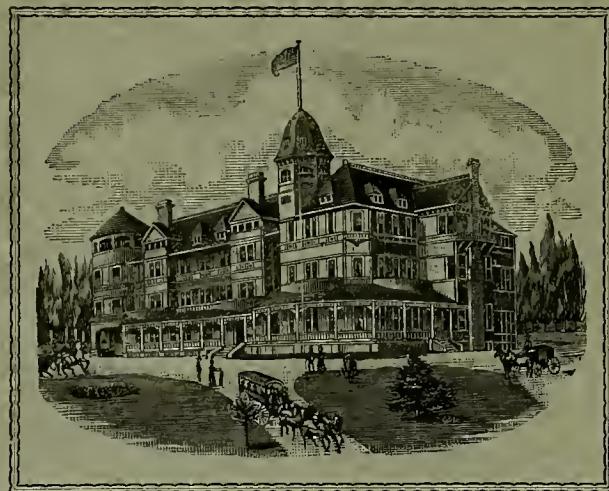
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" " Amount of Assurance in force	549,216,126	" " " Interest, Dividend	
" " Premium Income.....	22,047,813	" " and Rent Income	786,090
" " Total Income.....	26,958,978	" " " Total Income.....	3,718,128
" " Excess of Income over Disbursements.....	10,129,071	" " " Assets.....	10,664,018
" " Four per cent. Surplus.....	20,794,715	" " " Surplus.....	2,690,460
" " Amount of Surplus Earned....	5,067,124	" " " Payments to Policy-holders.....	1,821,948
" " Increase in Assurance in Force	66,186,564		

The strength and good management of the Society are also shown by the fact that of all the leading companies it has—

The Highest Ratio of Assets to Liabilities.....	128 per cent.
The Smallest Ratio of Expenses to New Business.....	3.22 per cent.
Assets.....	\$95,042,925.96
Liabilities.....	74,248,207.81
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